

THE COMMONWEAL

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WANTED: A PILOT

AMONG the matters much awry with which the new administration will have to deal there is unquestionably none of graver import than the nation's foreign policy. We all realize that if Washington's Farewell Address did not suffice to prevent four wars with other peoples, it is hardly probable that newer isolation speeches can in the long run have a better effect. And in like manner our economic history shows the futility of supposing that even a country as vast and self-sufficing as in the United States can afford for a moment to be indifferent to world developments.

It is easy to draw a perfectly terrifying picture of the contemporary situation. Melancholy event plus melancholy event creates a mosaic which the pessimist can use to bolster up almost any conclusion. Such a picture we have no wish to outline, if only for the reason that we are not pessimists. Of course economic disorder as great as that which now prevails could hardly fail to unsettle political precedents or agreements; and so it is precisely a "lack of confidence" which here also threatens to undo much of the good work accomplished in the past. The diplomatic problems of Europe—e.g., the disarmament issue, rivalry between France and Italy, the movement to revise the

Treaty of Versailles—would not be so difficult to approach if the peoples had not lost some of their conviction that such matters can be settled by arbitration.

Slightly more than ten years ago "confidence" increased because the world at large felt that the United States had definitively pledged itself to work for international order. While repudiating everything which even faintly resembled a bid for an alliance, the State Department managed to effect a number of "general agreements" which afforded a chance for progress toward peace. The basis for these was the conviction that four years of catastrophic war had left the nations with a desire to rebuild, and that such rebuilding was possible. In a measure, therefore, the Dawes Plan and what it implied was the foundation of the Disarmament Conference, the Locarno Pact and the Kellogg Treaties. Nor was the attitude very different when it came to relations with Mexico and South America. The whole of Mr. Dwight Morrow's achievement in the Mexican republic, an achievement which for a time promised real success, was based upon a hope for liberal-conservative reconstruction. Similarly the changes effected in our relations with such small countries as Nicaragua and Haiti grew out of

the feeling that the "reconstructive mood" could be trusted. We stress these points because it needs to be made clear that the diplomatic work of the decade went hand in hand with economic activity.

If, then, we look about us and see a wrangling world which appears to have turned its back on all good resolutions, it is well to bear in mind that the economic activity rather than the reconstructive mood was at fault. Under cover of "confidence" the most amazing gamblers, loan sharks and ignoramuses preyed upon the business credulity of their fellow men. Krueger was only a symbol of madness which gripped whole countries and which was nowhere more rampant than in the field of international relations. In our opinion the Kellogg Treaties were among the few non-dreamy achievements of the decade, light and airy as they may have seemed. When all has been said and done, the "futile dreaming" was that of men who supposed that rivers of money could be farmed out, at excessively high rates of interest, to countries with no markets for their products.

Today all this lies behind us. What is needed is a new "reconstructive effort," mindful of the real good accomplished since the war and aware also of the blunders made. If we are ever to get out of the doldrums, we must make up our minds that we have learned at least a little. And if any part of that learning is important it is the knowledge that economics do not exist in a vacuum—that there is much room for political and diplomatic effort. For example: the Manchurian situation is not determined by Japan's need of order in a country which it has come to believe the normal place in which to develop its commerce. It is the outgrowth of differing Chinese and Japanese interpretations of existing treaties. If the collapse of government in China threatened Japan with the loss of rights to which it is entitled, then there is reason to believe that Tokyo was justified in taking some sort of military action. Nevertheless the Kellogg Treaties also exist; and so it is impossible to concede that the conflict in Manchuria is "purely local" and is "no concern of ours." We have learned—or at least we ought to have learned—that international order is impossible without scrupulous regard for international treaties, and that prosperity is unthinkable without international order.

Accordingly the greatest importance attaches to Mr. Roosevelt's selection of the next Secretary of State. We here have voiced upon several occasions our conviction that Mr. Stimson has been a very good man, and that the service upon which he relies is, on the whole, dependable. But the man who steps into Mr. Stimson's shoes ought if possible to be even a little better. He should command the nation's confidence, so that there may be an end of the pressure brought to bear in Washington by amateurish groups which consider themselves fully qualified to discuss every knotty problem. And so we join hands with all those who are hoping that Mr. Owen D. Young will be offered the

job and that he will accept it. Of course we are aware of the special sacrifices which such an appointment would involve. Personally, in our opinion, he would be quite able to justify his reluctance to serve. But the difficulties ahead are so grave and the stakes are so high that one sincerely hopes Mr. Young will resolve, at whatever cost, to aid his country. The mere emergence of such a man at such a time would help to convince other peoples that the United States has, though in a chastened spirit, decided to take up the task of world reconstruction at the place where it was dropped. What the office calls for is a knowledge of economics as well as an appreciation of political realities. Because we believe that he possesses both, we make bold to say: Mr. Owen D. Young has been drafted for service by the opinion of his countrymen. He cannot refuse them!

WEEK BY WEEK

MONETARY and fiscal problems have again been very much to the fore during the past week. They may roughly be divided into two groups, the first of which concerns the value of the medium of exchange and the second of which relates to the general debt structure. Of course the separation is purely theoretical. If it were not for the burden of indebtedness, the discussion of money would probably remain technical and abstract, envisaging such matters as the supply of gold and the flow of credit. At any rate, we of the United States face three great debt issues. The first is war-time indebtedness, and the question up for discussion is the nature of the "bargain" to be struck with Great Britain and other countries. We Americans are now entering the debate at a disadvantage. The terrors of default no longer greatly disturb the dreams of foreign nations. Time was when everyone thought that such an action would tie the world's credit system into a knot, first of all because rising prices in the world market could be thought of only on the basis of rising prices in the United States market. Default, it was supposed, would halt the granting of international credit, solidify tariff restrictions and "nationalize" markets. Today all this no longer looks very horrifying. Changes in the value of British and other currency, together with vast credit arrangements engineered apart from the United States, have convinced many Europeans that they can "drop" New York and Washington if need be. For the time being, our international trade and finance are virtually stranded on an island of gold.

ON THE other hand, the difficulties of international debt action are complicated by the needs and demands of American investors. There is, to begin with, the discontent of the farmer whose land is woefully overcapitalized if present prices are considered normal. As a consequence the normal processes of foreclosure and

resale are practically obsolete in many Western states, and holders of farm mortgages—including some large insurance companies—are threatened with revenue losses of staggering proportions. If, it is argued, the government plans to remit loans made to foreign countries, why should it not assume the burden of rural indebtedness. The Western husbandman has little love for England and France anyway, and he does possess very considerable interest in himself. But of course the farmer's situation is not very different from that in which the urban investor finds himself. The mere fact that realty bond and mortgage firms are in general agreement that funds must be supplied at a lower rate of interest proves how heavy a load home and building owners are carrying. Recently the largest banks of the country have again cut interest payments on savings accounts, the reduction amounting in some cases to half of 3 or 4 percent. If that is necessary, the realty mortgagee asks himself, why should interest due on notes written during boom years remain where it was? But of course it is easier for a bank to take action than it is for somebody to disentangle the snarled mess of realty loans.

THE final problem is whether the country is not wasting time when it attempts to carry indebtedness at its face monetary value. It is argued, in Congress and out, that lowering the value of the dollar would automatically relieve the situation. That cannot be denied. If Farmer Jones is paying off a mortgage of \$10,000 at 6 percent, his problem will be simplified if dollars are so "inflated" that a pound of pork will therewith be worth \$.90. If Bookkeeper Smith, carrying a house on which the payment is \$75.00 a month, finds that his pay cheque is for \$500 rather than \$100 a month, he will meet his real-estate obligations with ease. Nevertheless, of all utopian schemes this seems the worst. The only sane cause of inflationary policies is budgetary deficit—an evil ultimately remediable only by taxation, which the public can be asked to bear in the form of depreciated currency. But asking the United States to embark on a cheap money "crusade," with its eyes open, as a means of decreasing private indebtedness is about as futile a suggestion as can be imagined.

MISSOURI fired the 36th shot, and the era of "lame duck" congresses came to an end. No more shall defeated legislators assemble under the

Lame Duck Season wing of a defeated president, to indulge in aimless wrangling. Henceforth inauguration day will be January 20, and the sessions of Congress will convene on

January 3. This is a sane and commendable alteration, since the dates fixed by the Constitution reckoned with the slow modes of travel in vogue at the close of the eighteenth century. One remarkable fact about this amendment is the speed with which it was ratified. Although Senator George W. Norris began to advocate it ten years ago, the amendment itself and the work

of ratification belongs exclusively to 1932 and 1933. Doubtless this unprecedented alacrity may be traced to the conviction that the present situation is very bad indeed. But if we ask ourselves why it is considered very bad, we shall see once again the importance now attributed to the federal government throughout the nation. Everybody is expecting Washington to furnish a remedy for the economic disease now wreaking havoc. And since Washington's reply has been that action is hampered by a stampede of lame ducks, the several states have voted hastily. Unfortunately this confidence is a bit too touching for reality. What other alibis can be offered, and what can be done about them, remains to be seen.

IN THE midst of certain sentiments which we would characterize with no wish to give offense, as simply denominational, the Lutheran Board of Foreign Missions has just restated the great fundamental truth of Christianity. The Lutherans Reply The circumstance that the Board was replying to, and in effect opposing, the powerful body of Protestant opinion represented by the recent Laymen's Foreign Mission Inquiry report, "Rethinking Missions," marks the statement, we think, as significant and courageous. With the various interdenominational controversies aroused by "Rethinking Missions," we have, of course, nothing to do. As Catholics, we merely salute the basic Catholic doctrine that one large group in the Lutheran Church has brought down intact from the time of the Reformation: "The report clearly makes Christianity only one of the worthy religions of the world. . . . Our board replies that we know as the foundation of our faith no other religion than that which finds its forgiveness, joy and life in the person of Jesus Christ the Son of God, Who died that we might have life and Who lives that men may never die."

THIS is the second article of the Creed; this is what gives sense and life to the term "Christian"; this is the teaching that has made European, and implicitly a large part of American, civilization. Coöperation to the limit allowed by intellectual honesty with those of other beliefs and philosophies, good-will toward them, respect for their good faith and their rights, are enjoined by Christian charity. Nor need their rich and varied achievements and contributions, intellectual, moral, spiritual, be denied. But the Christian revelation is either unique—the apex, the fulfilment of all revelations, the special "glad tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people"—or it is nothing. And we would recall to those anywhere who, still naming themselves "Christians," are mistakenly willing to dilute their belief to a largely meaningless, often downright agnostic amiability, an old but neglected truth: whatever is cut off from its origins, that is its roots, must finally die. The Lutheran Board of Foreign Missions has voiced a most vital and necessary reminder. To

observe it means, for the groups addressed, not only the protection of their integrity, but ultimately the preservation of their life.

THE ECONOMIC crisis is past, according to David Lawrence, editor of the *United States Daily*, in a recent lecture before an audience at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C. The crucial period of the depression was in the months between September, 1931, and June, 1932. At that time, he said, we were forced to cope with the effects of evils brought about as a result of the extravagance of the post-war period. The gold standard was lowered until June, 1932. Since then it has been slowly elevated by many influences, not the least of which is speculation. "When the history of this depression is written," he continued, "we will say that in those six months we strengthened our national banking system and made it possible to carry on." Unemployment, stated the famous political analyst and radio speaker, has been with us at least six years, but it was first noticed in 1928. Deploring the reference frequently made to the "good old days of 1929," Mr. Lawrence expressed the hope that we might never return to such conditions. "It was a period of extraordinary indulgence," he said, "and of irresponsibility, of broken ethics and crime; suffering has brought us a new spirit." He revealed himself as a determined champion of the capitalistic system. "I believe," he asserted, "that capitalism is just another name for human nature. Capitalism in the past has weathered several storms and it will weather this one. Some adjustments from experience are required to strengthen our credit system. Business is stagnant today only because we have been unable to adjust that credit system. There will probably be more debt adjustment in 1933 than ever before. The relations between debtor and creditor have not been clearly defined, but there is a very definite trend in that direction today."

IF OUR civilization should be attacked by some armed and alien culture, we personally do not assert that the first thing to be defended should be men's evening clothes. They are arbitrary in cut and color; they are uncomfortable; they are ugly. However, there is a perfectly sound basis on which they can be defended: the basis on which Professor Einstein recently attacked them at the beginning of his speech on "America and the World." Unless the Professor was grossly traduced by the press, he deplored "dress clothes" on "ceremonial occasions" as a matter of routine, an atmosphere from which the realities of life with their severity are excluded. "There is," he continued, "an atmosphere of well-sounding oratory that likes to attach itself to dress clothes. Away with it!" We would press no brief for oratory, certainly; but if all of this means what it

seems plainly to mean, it is quite amazing coming from a really eminent thinker. It represents a compound of confusions. It combines the mistake of supposing that convention and form are not "realities" natural to men, with the mistake of supposing that what is incidental or symptomatic can ever be causal.

YOU CAN no more stop the human race from dressing in a special way on ceremonial occasions than you can stop them from breathing. Man is intrinsically a convention-formulating, rule-following, ceremonial-observing creature, and to deplore this in the name of "reality" is something of an achievement in imperception. That is in the first place. In the second place, and chiefly, we protest, with perhaps less humor than the occasion warrants, the reappearance of the insufferable theory that matches cause arson, that wine makes drunkenness, that warships precipitate war. If a group of gentlemen in evening clothes shows itself to be impervious to the severer realities of life, we do assure the Professor that that is not due to the evening clothes. Men constantly tend to misuse social forms, as they constantly tend to misuse everything. And those men who take on a foolish importance, or feel superior to their less fortunate kind, simply because they are wearing the special garments which our instinctive human dignity decrees as the ritual for special occasions, are wrong, not in dress, but in principle and heart. It will not mend the matter to put them into sack-cloth and sandals or plain lounge suits. It is, alas, nothing like as simple as that. Only prayer and penance and the tears of awakening, inciting the will to charity and the mind to truth, will avail; and where these are, it matters little how glossy the white, how rich the black, enclosing them.

THE EVIDENCE is not conclusive, but considerable data has been gathered to support the thesis that the world owes the art of music to the black race. From this it would seem that the art spread up from Africa into our Occidental world. Certainly, as everyone who knows the colored people appreciates, music is natural to them. A barefoot colored boy just humming improvisations to himself can often make music as fine as any laboriously schooled stringed quartet. Among aborigines in Africa, the very speech is musical, depending for its inflections and grammar on tone and rhythm. The marvellous talking with the drums of these Africans, depends on this fact. They literally hold conversations with each other in their language of music. Knowing nothing about the physics of sound as understood in the modern world, they nevertheless have extraordinary powers in the use of sound. Some tribes still preserve the art of projecting the voice without noticeable effort for two or three miles. It can be heard in the forest at that distance, as though the speaker were standing at a normal talking distance of a few feet from the hearer.

Negro
Music

As to
Realities

THEY can also project the voice through other sounds. These things were testified to us from personal experiences by Dr. Charles Russell Lowell Putnam who recently made extended travels in the Belgian Congo. On a hillside by one of the falls of the Congo River where the roar was so deafening that the Doctor had to shout to make himself heard, his native Ubangi porters were able to talk to other natives tiny in the distance on the other shore. The Doctor could hear the answers from the distant speakers, as though someone were talking in a normal tone of voice, bell-like, surrounded as it were by the roar of the falls, but distinct from it and clear as a voice speaking in a complete stillness. Recently we had the privilege of hearing the choir of the Fiske University for colored boys and girls sing at Carnegie Hall. Besides rendering in their incomparable beauty and purity some of the songs native to the American Negro, so rightly called spirituals, the choir sang two or three plainsongs by Palestrina. The intuition, or gift, which they showed for harmonizing, for bringing simply indescribable chimes and overtones out of the contrapuntal parts, was indeed exquisite high art. It led us to wish devoutly that more choirs of colored singers could be organized for the rendering of plainchant.

ART CRITICISM, it seems, is emerging in our country from an acerbated stage into one of greater amiability. The artists began the style of truculent lambasting with their revolt from the old pseudo-classic "machines." Then the camp-followers took up the cry of rebellion. In the midst of the confusion, the numbers of humans asserting their declaration of artistic independence, who had no talent for painting and no real love for the things that painting is able to express, has been appalling. Each has shouted his creed and declared his right to be an artist if the next fellow has a right to be an artist. The exhaustion point of all this has been reached, we believe, and it has no doubt been accelerated by the economic depression. There is a kind of sacred reticence apparent in the art world, and the critics temper their depreciations by devoting themselves more to appreciations. Since art properly is an amenity, this is as it should be.

WE THOUGHT of these things recently when we heard that gallant champion of the beautiful, Royal Cortissoz, speak at the Whitney Museum on the history of taste in America. There were all sorts of *revolté* and *enragé* looking people in the place. There were also a number of obviously well-bred and amiable looking people. Cortissoz spoke with such pleasant appreciation of the men who really have striven to create and identify beauty in our country, that even the *revoltés* were won by him; the virulent look was abated in their faces, and they actually appeared charmed as though they were inspired to go out and make the world a more delightful place in which to live. We thought

again of all these things the other day at the Marie Harriman Gallery where a show of excellent painting by Madame Carla Wellendorf is being held. They have distinctly amusing shows at this gallery, the character of which is perhaps indicated by the fact that Walt Kuhn is their golden-haired boy. For verve, good painting and an unmalicious feeling for life and art, he is of course one of the best we have. That fake expertizing of art critics who assumed to see all sorts of trends and indebtedness of artists is subsiding. A clearer air for our really competent artists is in prospect.

FUNDAMENTAL DEFINITIONS

HUMAN action, it would seem, moves in two virtually concentric spheres. There is first of all the little inner circle of concern with an individual deed, or maybe with a policy and technique of doing. Thus, for example, a state finds itself obliged to deal with a large number of unemployed persons. Some collective attitude toward them must be taken. It may be decided to let the poor starve, or to encourage giving the means with which to acquire sustenance and shelter, or to look for remedial action in a larger program of social readjustment. These decisions will depend respectively upon larger, broader motives and outlooks, which we may then regard as outer circles bearing a definite and necessary relation to the inner circle. One may express the point briefly, if a little vaguely, by saying that the practical and philosophic activities of man move together like the big and little hands of a clock.

Some reflection of this kind must guide us when we try to think of Christian action in the world. It is as obvious as anything could well be that the teaching of Our Lord outlines no method of dealing with practical details. The purpose of revelation was really to explain the outermost and final circle—the nature of God's attitude toward the human race. It does not even trace what is relatively the farthest plane to which humanistic effort goes: the formulation of a "point of view" in accordance with which man can perform the tasks of every-day life.

If we call the outer human circle "culture" and the outer Divine circle "revelation," it seems clear that coördination of the two will probably never be completely possible. In the first place there is the difficulty—so manifest and tragic just now—of bringing the race as a group to a condition of reverence for the truths of revelation as objective verities. As a result mankind as a whole cannot be brought to agree concerning even the simplest ethical matter. Yet there is also a second problem. How shall we men coördinate realms which we can never hope fully to understand? Much has been written concerning the relation between Christianity and culture, so that this is no longer an esoteric theme. But there is no real agreement, and what we say here will not bring the discussion to a close. The one thing that remains to be said is that it

is still possible, and indeed rather necessary, to define the terms.

Christianity may be many things, but it is obviously not a formula or a mere fact. It is a permanent change of the orientation of the life of mankind. Therefore, regardless of the abiding verity of certain dogmas to which the Christian stands committed, no definition given yesterday can suffice now. The Saviour, having become human, acts and lives in the experience of humanity. He is part of the vigor of its response to pain, part of the accent of its recurring jubilation. It is He who continuously makes manifest the way in which the dully material can become the spiritual, glowing as it ascends toward the light. We need and can always find a modern Christ, not in the sense that *we* reunderstand or reinterpret Him, but in the sense that He understands us—"us" of this especial century, or generation, or time-spirit.

Culture is the revelation of successive modernities. Emphatically it is not a collection of plots, maxims, images, outcries, findings, garnered and labeled once and for all, then to be passed down the stream of time like a rescue-plank which an individual must grab if he is to become in any manner civilized. No. Culture is the human personality alive, in any given era, to the full measure of what body and soul can share. That fulness precludes the infantile. A culture without the past is as unthinkable as is a mature man apart from infancy and childhood. What has gone before is for any generation *its* youth and parentage. Sometimes the relationship between this youth and maturity is more harmonious than at other times. Or it happens that an era attains a ripe and serene growth denied to others. We can compare the segments of the historic past and say: "This did more, was more, than that." Yet, after all, such talk is pretty idle. Cultures are what they are and express themselves accordingly.

One can enumerate various factors which help to determine a culture. Among these are the presence or absence of catastrophes (social, economic, climatic), education, technological development and similar matters. Yet no man can really doubt that the most important of all factors is religion. It is, for example, wholly evident that the chief cause of difference between the cultures of ancient and modern times is the difference between monotheism and polytheism. The primitive world does not cease being until faith in the gods dies out. And our present world society is differentiated primarily by the several forms of monotheistic belief which characterize it. Merely to utter the word "Mohammedan" is to conjure up an order of being which the Western world cannot so much as fathom. Be as atheistical as you choose: to deny the cardinal importance of religion as the fashioner of cultures is to credit the silliest of fairy tales.

Believing in Christ exacts an especial interpretation of interlocking culture and religion. The Lord Jesus either is, or He is not. If He is, then He lives *now* according to His own definition of existence, which is:

"I am the resurrection and the life. . . . No man cometh to the Father except through Me." Accordingly the full maturity of an ancient culture could only be reached through anticipation of Him, as was indeed the case with the Greek philosophers and poets. A modern culture, however, is great through His presence in it. There is no other possible way in which the Christian mind can think of human activity. An age may indeed be rich in youthful energy, or in material treasure, without seeming to be conscious of Him. The individual also may play polo, or make a fortune, without much realization of the dreary end of these things. But we are speaking of culture, and of the maturity of culture.

Still there are inevitable and imperative reservations. When we say that "a modern culture is great through His presence in it," we must not take the sentence to mean that this or that policy, or deed, or intention, is a revelation of His will. No human being, with whatever authority endowed, can presume to say that one of his acts or ideas truly serves Christianity. We are only too eager to let the humanistic put on the robes of faith and immortality. Did the Crusades exemplify right insight or only presumption as all Europe cried, "God wills it"? Every plan, every doctrine, formulated and expounded by man sometime comes to grief. Of our life in Christianity only this is certain: in so far as it is imitation, born of the hope that by utter selflessness the world may be prepared for the Kingdom, it cannot be fruitless.

The presence of Christ in a given culture may therefore depend not in the least upon what is professedly done in His name. Thus, for example, the proud cathedrals of the middle ages *may be*—I do not say they are—only expositions of the Christian faith and not genuine products of that faith. Or possibly the Socialist workman who shares a humble meal with a suffering comrade may be unwittingly treading Galilean ways. Who shall decide? Nevertheless we look back upon history and we seem to behold patterns with the stamp of His manufacture upon them. This culture images Him; that one does not, or less clearly. Shelley and Byron begin by throwing spitballs at Calvary; but its shadow is upon them in the end, making all their beauty intelligible only in the beautiful gloom it casts. Or a pompous divine, from whose logic heaven and earth kept no secret, proves to have stood like an out-of-place parasol between the soul and the Sun.

Let us not forget these things. Or be too hasty in drawing up catalogues of "Christian achievement." Some publican may be beating his breast in an unseen corner. What we see is only this: here some human being elected to love and work in a spirit of fidelity to Christian civilization. There is his life, there his work. What value does either possess for us who as human beings must work out human problems and say over again, in our own fashion, the unending lessons of the human race?

THE LAW IN MONTERREY

By FRANK C. HANIGHEN

"RELIGIOUS Laws Violated in Monterrey" was the flaming headline in *La Prensa* on November 21, 1932. Monterrey is an affluent, industrial city in the state of Nuevo Leon, with many evidences of American civilization, and its proximity to the international border is doubtless one reason why it has never been swept by the anticlerical fury of other states, less influenced by Yankee mechanics and Yankee toleration of religion. Therefore, the readers of *La Prensa* might expect to find below the large type the report of some serious offense—a Catholic fanatic who urged revolt against the government, or at least some priest who denounced the religious laws from the pulpit—further documentary support for those who still claim that the Church in Mexico mixes in politics.

But the news story held some surprises for folk who have not become sadly experienced in reading despatches from the religious front in Mexico. "In a private school in this city, the Colegio Elizondo, the Law of Religion has just been violated, because there hung in one of the corridors a large image of the Heart of Jesus." This heinous offense "the municipal authorities discovered yesterday," and they warned the director of the college to remove from his premises anything which might be a manifestation of religion under pain of being severely punished if he did not. He was given twenty-four hours to comply. The school, so ran the story, was in the Calle de Washington "right near the Federal Palace."

The reporter who wrote the item was doubtless circumstantial rather than ironical in noting the name of our great exponent of liberty and freedom of conscience, and one cannot expect that the municipal authorities had any better sense of humor. It was a surprise that the despatch was given a large headline or indeed given space at all. It would have been a great surprise had there appeared news indicating that Catholics in Mexico were accorded at least some elementary rights. For such incidents are the sheerest of commonplaces in Mexico now, and an observer from Anglo-Saxon countries is struck by the fact that instead of the Church mixing in politics, it is the state mixing in religion, nay more, slowly crushing religion through the means of enforcing mischievous and intolerant regulations.

While the roots of this anticlerical oppression reach way down into the centuries, the more immediate cause can be found in Mexico's Constitution of 1917. Previous Constitutions enacted in the nineteenth century had confiscated church property and generally imposed strong regulations on Catholic activities, but the present Constitution contains by far the most drastic provisions. It was passed during the Presidency of Car-

ranza and, however rash and unwise a dictator that celebrated man was, he did have the sense to protest and try to amend three provisions: prohibition of ecclesiastical schools, prohibition of church charitable institutions, such as hospitals, homes for the aged and orphanages, and lastly, the granting of power to the several states to regulate the number of priests within their borders.

This final provision has been not so much a paternalistic nuisance as it has been an instrument for anti-religious elements to try to crush the Church. When Calles started his war on the Church in 1925, this law was employed in various states as an affront to the Church by limiting the number of priests. When the *padres* returned to their churches after the truce between President Portes Gil and the hierarchy, they found that in many states their numbers were limited. Obedient to the Pope's injunction to preserve peace and to the diplomatic instructions of Archbishop Ruiz y Flores, the Apostolic Delegate, they sought in every way to avoid encounters with the anticlericals who were still embittered by the recent struggle. For a while it looked as if the breach might be partially closed; the Church made gestures of friendship toward the government and the government under the conciliatory Ortiz Rubio responded.

But this peaceful period was but an interlude between oppressions. The limitation provision was seized upon by vindictive anticlericals, and their natural leader in reviving war against the Church was Colonel Adelberto Tejeda. Colonel Tejeda had been Calles's Minister and right-hand man during the 1925-1929 conflict, and after the retirement of Calles had become Governor of the state of Vera Cruz. In June, 1931, he fired the opening gun of the new fight with a law limiting the number of priests in that state. Previously there had been laws reducing the number of priests to 1 to 15,000 inhabitants, but none had been so drastic as Tejeda's new law apportioning 1 priest to 100,000 inhabitants, which left the populous state of Vera Cruz with but 11 priests.

The Church protested peacefully and legally, but the courts refused relief and the anticlerical drive went on. In December, 1931, the movement after a slight lull rose to greater heights of intolerance. The celebration in that month of the fiesta of the Virgin of Guadalupe was the signal for further persecutions. Congress in a fury of anti-Church sentiments enacted a law restricting the number of priests in the capital to 24 and closing at least 304 of the 328 churches there. Other states added their voices—Guerrero with a ratio of 1 priest to 15,000, Oaxaca with 1 to 10,000, then Chihuahua, Durango, Sonora, Yucatan—all employing this legal device for crushing the Church.

Through the earlier part of 1932 these persecutions went on under the legal form and solely through legal channels did Catholics patiently protest—*amparo* after *amparo* being entered in the courts, until approximately 5,000 of these legal injunctions were heard and turned down. Only after all legal means to stem this tide had been exhausted, did the Holy Father issue in September, 1932, his encyclical protesting against this persecution of Mexican Catholics and, while enjoining them to pray and use their influence to change the laws, he specifically ordered them to refrain from all violence.

The government, under a new President, Abelardo Rodriguez, answered this entirely peaceful encyclical with insults and the deportation of Archbishop Ruiz y Flores, who had done so much to preserve order and conciliation. Vera Cruz naturally under the fire-eating Tejada fired the expected salvo to this deportation, by enacting a law depriving priests of all their rights as citizens on the pretense that they are subjects of a foreign state—the Vatican. And Jalisco, which had so far abstained from anticlerical legislation, placed legal limits to the number of priests—setting 56 as the ratio for the state.

During the past month there has been a lull in the storm, which does not mean, however, that it has disappeared. The major offensive against the Church has slackened, but the persecution in a more or less intermittent form goes on. The incident in Monterrey is but one of many that are constantly being reported; seminaries are interfered with, priests are deported or imprisoned with or without legal pretense; communicants and priests are surprised and arrested at the secret celebrations of the Mass—the clandestine services which this odious sort of religious prohibition give rise to.

One of the latest developments is the movement to “rationalize” the schools. Long ago the schools were laicized, but now *laicismo* is under fire, and a system which will replace the impartial, non-propaganda form of lay teaching with compulsory instruction in atheism and rationalistic philosophy has been advocated. This new movement has not gained great headway, but that it is seriously considered at all is evidence that it is sponsored by a strong minority—the group whose influence, by the way, has caused all these recent persecutions.

For while Mexico, in an economic way, has been moving to the Right, its attitude toward clerical matters has swung toward the Left. The explanation is simple. Calles and his puppets, Rubio and Rodriguez, represents the conservative wing of the ruling party, the wing that believes now in property rights and less emphasis on their former Socialistic principles. In order, however, to keep in power and to conciliate the radical Left wing, they allow the latter to guide the policy in religious matters, to release their Bolshevistic energies in the direction of the Church. So the Mexican government's attitude in clerical matters is no less rad-

ical than its most radical components, and its policy is thus anti-Catholic.

More, it is definitely anti-religious. For some years now Protestants both in this country and in Mexico have exerted themselves to defend the Mexican government in its attitude toward the Church. But they received a rude warning the other day when the Episcopal Bishop Creighton was refused admittance on the ground that he is a foreign minister. This act is particularly striking, in that Bishop Creighton was one of the most vociferous in defense of Mexican religious policies. This treatment of the Bishop is undoubtedly but the beginning of what will prove to be a general deportation of all foreign-born Protestant missionaries. Already the *Christian Century* has taken notice. Discussing the Pope's encyclical on Mexico, it says:

But the Pope is right on one point; Mexico's revolutionary government is not only anticlerical but anti-religious.

Another journal of opinion which formerly was sympathetic to Mexico's anticlerical policy has changed its views and protested against this recent anti-Catholic drive. The *New Republic* says editorially:

Government in Mexico today is organized for plunder. The Church is less than a wraith of its former self, has lost its property and prestige, and is a negligible factor in Mexican life, the *politicos* begrudge even the few coppers that still go into the offertories and collection plates. They want to eliminate the slightest competition for the last centavo.

But the daily press remains silent. Undoubtedly their financial masters seeing a government which is conservative in the matter of economics in the saddle in Mexico discourages discussion of the matter. The same censorship which prevailed during the 1925-1929 struggle and which prevented the dissemination of the real truth about the religious persecutions of that day is at work now.

But if the press takes no sides on the matter editorially, they have not been able to suppress a formal protest against the Mexican government's policy issued by Archbishop Hanna in behalf of the Catholic bishops of the United States, on January 13. The concluding sentences of the statement make a stirring appeal not only to Catholics but to all lovers of religious freedom and toleration to work for the removal of the odious restrictions on religion in Mexico.

The example of a neighboring nation denying religious liberty to its citizens cannot but be a matter of serious concern to all right-thinking people and a detriment to the amicable understanding and friendship that should exist between our own country and all the nations of both American continents. The right of religious liberty, of freedom of worship, is native to the thought of our own country. We feel, therefore, we are justified in asking all our fellow citizens actively to interest themselves in the restoration in Mexico of religious freedom for its citizens.

THE FRENCH CASE

By LOUIS P. HARL

IN THE famous case of Creditor vs. Debtor the action of the French Chamber of Deputies in refusing to approve the December 15 payment was, I maintain, an act of the greatest importance, a courageous and, probably, a wise act, which caused no surprise to those who knew French public opinion. France, as everyone knows, was able to make this relatively small payment on a very large debt. There was no transfer problem, for the gold is available. Although, like every other country in the world today, France is suffering, and suffering seriously, from the economic collapse, and governmental finances in particular are in a bad way, the country is relatively prosperous. Yet, despite these facts, I am still inclined to believe that the time had come for the gesture, the warning, the "No," which the deputies gave to the two governments. If this stand caused irritation in the United States, it is unfortunate. If it proves a wholesome warning and a shock, it is to be applauded. Whether it would have been wiser to have made a "final" payment under the present agreement is subject to debate, but about the courage of the act there can be little discussion—given the above circumstances.

Let there be no mistake in the matter—the credit for the courage goes to French public opinion. The French Chamber has little share in it, the government none at all. In this, as in many other vital questions of the day public opinion is, I believe, far ahead of political leadership. The wrangling of parliaments, the bickering, meetings, conferences, exchanges of notes ad nauseum have not only left the public perfectly cold, but have actually brought governmental officials into disrepute and led to a crisis of authority. Governments have lost faith in themselves and, worse still, have destroyed the myth of superior leadership in the minds of the people.

The fact of the matter is that the French deputies in voting to defer payment merely chose the lesser of two evils. Even had the risk of isolating their country, of lowering its credit and prestige, been as great as many would have us believe, it would have weighed little against the more immediate menace of their constituencies' wrath. Offending the United States, discrediting their country, overthrowing the government, were of small moment for most of them compared with the storm which sooner or late would have tumbled on their heads. Like politicians the world over, many French deputies have lots of things closer to their hearts than the people's interests, but it is one of the

The war debt problem is, of course, first of all political in character, and there is real danger lest the excitement concerning it should lead to conflict between national feelings rather than to intelligent appraisal of economic realities. Though we feel that the attitude of American public opinion toward the question as a whole has been far more reasonable and realistic than has French opinion, we do believe that social ethics stipulate attention to "what the other fellow has to say." We are therefore permitting Mr. Harl to make what seems a calm and fairly dispassionate analysis of the French case.—The Editors.

happy conditions of representative government that the pressure of public opinion—which on fundamental issues is generally sane and right, although negative rather than constructive—can sometimes make itself felt.

I maintain that in this instance French public opinion was fundamentally sound. I am speaking from the French point of view, perhaps from the world point of view. I believe that it is useful to present this point of view to my fellow countrymen, to act as the devil's advocate (i.e., the French advocate), in the hope of aiding in some small measure in allaying prejudices and passions and contributing to the enlightenment which brings reason. I believe that before the jury of American opinion I can at least be assured of a fair hearing.

The facts of the case are generally known, or easily ascertainable, but men's memories are notoriously short and their indifference to matters of public importance great. The history of the French war debts is briefly as follows. Prior to the entrance of the United States into the war an Anglo-French loan of \$500,000,000 was contracted on the American market without other security than the credit of the two countries. Smaller amounts raised were protected by securities. None of these loans are of importance here, since all were repaid soon after the war, but the historian of the war would do well to study what part they had in bringing the United States into the struggle. After the United States entered the war and until the armistice, France borrowed \$1,970,000,000, which was used in payment of supplies, munitions, equipment, food, services, purchased in the United States and needed in the common cause, a war in which the two nations were associated. From the armistice to September, 1920, loans for foodstuffs and reconstruction in part necessary to prevent economic chaos totaled slightly over \$1,000,000,000. Thus the total original indebtedness of France to the United States was finally fixed at \$3,404,000,000.

Now there are important points to be noted about these loans. First, there was little quibbling over the prices paid for these goods and services vitally necessary and unobtainable elsewhere. The prices were admittedly high—several times higher than they would be today. Of the post-armistice debt \$400,000,000 was in payment for the American war stocks left in France, which were practically unmovable. Some idea of the prices paid by the Allies for war-time supplies may be gleaned from the fact that even for these stocks bought after the war, and under the above condition,

France paid twice as much as she finally realized through their sale. The moralist should also note that the bulk of these war debts were contracted for unproductive purposes, which brings up the question of usury on interest payments. Finally, the whole sentimental question of war association, and the savings of American expenditures of money and lives must be reckoned. Many Americans thought at the time, and have continued to insist, that there should never have been any question of paying most of the war debts at all. In all the European countries this sentiment was even more pronounced. England proposed time and again to abandon her share of all debts and reparations if other creditors would do likewise, and the Balfour note laid it down that she would demand in payment only enough to pay the United States' demand. The French position was more difficult because France, which suffered most of all the Allied powers, was obliged to pay out for restoration of the devastated regions something over 100,000,000,000 francs—francs worth more, and of a greater purchasing power, than the franc of today. It should not be forgotten, also, that France was herself a creditor country, having advanced between \$2,500,000,000 and \$3,000,000,000 to her allies—Russia, Belgium, Rumania, Italy, Yugoslavia, Greece, Portugal. On these debts she has received practically nothing, and in fact has never insisted on payments. In addition to these debts, advances to aid in the relief and organization of new countries like Poland and Czechoslovakia immediately after the war, of upward of \$300,000,000 might justly be taken into consideration.

The obstinacy of the United States in demanding payment of the war debts from her European allies has been the greatest obstacle to the satisfactory settlement of the whole question. As the United States became more insistent for settlement with her debtors, they increased pressure on the Central powers for reparations. It is not necessary here to go into the imbroglia of inter-governmental war debts and negotiations. After long negotiations France and the United States agreed in 1926 to fund the French debt at \$4,025,000,000, to be paid with interest in sixty-two annuities totaling \$6,847,674,104—or nearly twice the original debt. On the basis of this agreement payments were made regularly until the Hoover moratorium of June, 1931. During the same period France was making similarly large payments to Great Britain, which were also turned over to the United States. It is true that during the same period France was receiving large reparations payments, without which such large transfers would have been impossible.

The true history of the clever international book-keeping and huge credit and monetary transfers of those glorious years of boom and prosperity between the debt settlements and the collapse of the fall of 1929, has yet to be written. And in the play of payments by Germany to the Allies, Allies to America, America to Germany and Germany to Russia, etc., it

is not quite certain which country will finally be left holding the biggest bag, but there is no doubt that the United States did enjoy as a result of the war and its aftermath a hectic decade of golden plenty, such as comes rarely in the life of any nation.

And then came the reckoning, not altogether due to the war, or international financing. The history of what has happened since the fall of 1929 is too fresh and painful to bear repeating. The first chapter of the new period was written in Wall Street, the second began in Europe with the collapse of the Creditanstalt, Austria's greatest bank, just before Hoover's moratorium brought the tragic situation developing in Central Europe to the attention of the world. The bankers were only a little in advance of the public but they had begun to see it a few months before and succeeded in drawing about a fourth of their investments out of Germany and Austria. It is noteworthy that on the very day that the French Chamber voted to suspend payment to the United States the reorganization of the Creditanstalt was announced. May the two events augur a better period for Europe and the world!

The President's sudden move at the request of Germany and the urgent solicitation of Wall Street, took French public opinion by surprise. It was not prepared, but it finally accepted the inevitable. Parliament, which had eventually ratified the debt agreement with the unilateral provision that payments to the United States were contingent upon payments by Germany, also approved the liquidation of reparations at Lausanne last summer. Germany was given a three-year moratorium, to be followed by an eventual and entirely hypothetical payment of 3,000,000,000 marks. The French parliament accepted this very lenient settlement, largely because M. Laval had been told by Mr. Hoover in November, 1931, that if the European countries reached an accord among themselves on reparations and inter-European debts during the one-year moratorium, the United States would reopen the whole case and give fullest consideration to demands for radical downward revisions of payments to the United States.

The matter was settled as far as the average French citizen was concerned, diplomacy awaited the American elections to broach the subject, but with the December payment in the offing it could wait no longer. But, in the meantime, the budgetary and economic situation in the United States had become so serious that Congress, and to a certain extent public opinion, wallowing in the morass, could see nothing very clearly, except that the debt payments would reduce the deficit and taxes by that much. The British squirmed but stuck to traditions and prestige and paid. The Italians paid, because they had little to pay and wanted to get the credit for paying when others defaulted. French politicians squirmed, and the press, or the servile part of it, squirmed, but French public opinion, realist and logical as usual, said an emphatic "No," and the matter was settled. It was all very well for the politicians to

explain: "Go ahead and pay, this will be the last time." Public opinion would not have it so.

"The crisis has changed everything," public opinion replied, "Things are entirely different now from what they were when the debt settlements were reached. Our wages have been reduced, our revenues lowered, we are probably the heaviest taxed people in the world, and taxes are increasing while the budget deficit grows at the rate of 25,000,000 francs a day. Sources of income like the tourist trade are drying up. Our foreign debtors have defaulted to the extent of something like \$20,000,000,000. Our visible trade balance shows a huge deficit, and particularly with America. We have bought nearly three times as much from the United States this year as you have bought from us. As long as you keep your tariff barriers up, the only way we can pay is in gold.

"We have the gold, it is true. This particular payment is small and we could meet it. But do not forget that probably 40 percent of the gold in the Bank of France's vaults belongs to foreigners, and much of the rest to individuals. We knew the trying experience of flights of capital before you did, and do not want that experience again. The criticism of 'raids' on your gold during the past year were unjustified. They were in no ways official and the Bank of France had no means of preventing private persons from liquidating their American holdings, and depositing the gold here.

"We cannot go on like this. We have waited much longer than did Mr. Wilson's foes in repudiating accords of our representatives binding us to obligations which we cannot carry out. We let Germany off at Mr. Hoover's request, and she is not able to pay now. But in the future, when conditions get better, she will be free of internal and foreign war debts, and we will not be able to compete with her. Over 20 percent of our national budget goes toward service on our internal indebtedness, despite the fact that four-fifths of it was wiped out, with four-fifths of the fortunes of many of our people, through depreciation of the franc. Germany's industrial regions were not devastated like ours were, and she does not have to bear the burden of rebuilding them, although, thanks to American capital,

her factories are more modern and efficient than ever. Legally and juridically, there may be no connection between reparations and inter-governmental debts but there are principles of morals and justice which outweigh legal technicalities. We suffered most from the war, and it was thanks to the American credits advanced to us that the destruction of American lives and wealth was not greater still through prolongation of the war. The complaint is made that we are spending too much on armaments. It is easy for the United States, 3,000 miles away from the European cockpit, to say that, but nevertheless her military expenditures exceed our own and she is determined to have the strongest navy in the world. At the same time she will hear nothing of security pacts, or coöperation with the League of Nations. Furthermore, arms expenditures are made at home and the army gives work and training to youths who might otherwise be idle.

"We have been forced to give way on many occasions. It is now your turn. And the moment has arrived to do so. To continue these payments any longer is a grave psychological risk for a people already crushed by taxes and debts, and a state threatened by such tremendous problems as civil servants' strikes at the threat of reductions in their already miserably low salaries, taxpayers' strikes and loan boycotts. We regret your difficulties. If your temporary embarrassments are greater than our own, your permanent problems are no greater, and we must now be about the business of preparing to meet those that are ahead. In any case we are not responsible for your troubles, while your attitude in this entire debt question has contributed greatly to our own. With all our sympathy for your difficulties we cannot forget the fable which La Fontaine puts first in that collection, which is a sort of second Bible for us, the fable of 'La Cigale et La Fourmi.' It applies in some respects to our situations. We are sorry."

Well, of course one cannot reason with such an excitable fellow, so perhaps it is just as well not to try to do so for fear that he will become quite unreasonable and instead of the 10 percent which he might now consent to pay, decide not to pay any more at all.

LITURGY AND RECOVERY

By WILLIAM MICHAEL DUCEY

KEEPING UP with THE COMMONWEAL develops into a more interesting pastime than ever over here in Europe. Besides bringing us closer to home it often arouses in us a kind of feverish anticipation by not being delivered on time (through no fault of its own). Perhaps we exiles therefore devour it more greedily, appraise it more critically, than the effete home reader. At any rate, we Americans here at the Liturgical Academy do read and talk over its contents with the greatest gusto, especially when an

issue comes along containing a leading article or two that chimes in perfectly with liturgical ideas and principles. Such an issue was that of October 12 which we are tempted to regard as one of those "tall flowers rising from a great mass of thought" Mr. Masefield talks about in that very issue. But lest we be accused of seeing everything with liturgically jaundiced eyes, perhaps we may be allowed to exhibit the evidence upon which we base our conclusion.

First of all, a word about the Liturgical Academy,

that you may have a proper "composition of place." It is a graduate (clerical) school of liturgical study, founded last year by the monks of Maria Laach as a necessary auxiliary to the Liturgical Movement, now such a sturdy and wholesome influence in the Catholic life of Germany. There are ten of us priests here this year: three Germans, three Americans, a Spaniard, a Swiss, an Englishman and a Belgian—a catholic enough representation, if not as large as it ought to be. The courses are being given by a faculty of six monks (all of them with university degrees) headed by the renowned Abbot Ildephonse Herwegen. A detailed description of the courses given, the research being done, and the ramifications into everyday Catholic life borne by the entire program, would be impossible within the compass of the present article. However, let me draw attention to some of the principles concentrated upon here, that seem to bear very closely upon what THE COMMONWEAL's contributors and readers are interested in, if the issue of October 12 is any criterion.

First, there is the cardinal liturgical principle, that it is only through Christ that we are enabled to see things whole—a fundamental need in the crisis of today, as W. J. Blyton points out in his splendid article, "More than One Divorce." Modern thinking—and possibly much modern Catholic thinking—has become confused because it tends to concentrate upon some one particular aspect of the problems of life, whether that aspect be social unrest, or moral turpitude, or material distress. All these are realities that essentially belong together, that cannot be divorced one from another in so far as they all must spring in the last analysis from a single common cause, which is a departure either in thought or in action from Christ. Thus does a solution for or recovery from "depression" either moral or material become impossible until the true "Catholic synthesis" which alone "sees facts orb'd and full" becomes operative again. Now to this refreshing and truly Catholic philosophy of Mr. Blyton's we would add its theological counterpart: it is only through liturgy that this Catholic synthesis can and does become operative. For liturgy is, in effect, a vehicle devised by Christ and His Church to actuate, to render living, both the entire moral teaching of the Saviour of the human race and His saving, healing power. It is both the voice of Truth proclaiming again to a blundering, confused, distracted world those blessed principles which alone can save it, and the sacred Hand of the supreme Physician applying to the world those medicines which alone can cure its festering sores.

More than that. When you understand the genius of liturgy, you see that it is not simply Christ teaching, Christ healing, but Christ and His people that are at work. Not only is the theoretical side of Christian doctrine clearly propounded, not only is Divine help efficiently administered to needy souls, but those souls become incorporated with Christ, and share actually with Him, do again with Him all that He once did histor-

ically but still does mystically, to bring fallen man more perfectly to resemble Him. That is to say, whatever the Saviour did in His life span of thirty-three years to redeem us, to make us clean again in God's sight, strong against the motions of evil passion, steadfast in the love of our neighbor, high-minded in our social, business, political relations, patient and courageous in the midst of the varying forms of human adversity, clear-sighted (for He is ever enlightening us) and confident in all the complexities of life's problems, all this He does again: but now no longer as it were alone, but together with all the redeemed, in a union so close, so intimate, so vital, that Saint Paul can think of but a single human concept comparable to it; viz., that of the human body. Christ the Head and we the members, through our incorporation in the Catholic Church and our participation in Holy Mass and the sacraments, are actually reënacting, reliving together, the whole gamut of His redemptive work.

Yet as Catholics do we realize, appreciate, this fact? Or what is more pertinent, do we think of it, speak of it, write about it, in our efforts to bring about a recovery from the confusion, the darkness, the manifest evil that is around us? Do our Catholic leaders, our scientific specialists—our sociologists, our economists, our peace-workers—give it due prominence both in their own minds and hearts and in the remedies they propose to us? True we often are told that we must "go back to Christ" and to the principles, the program of justice and charity, that He once gave the world. But is this enough? Surely Christ is more than that: He is more than a mere program, or even a model and example that we must follow. He is a living, present Reality: and His program is not just an historical fact, but a dynamic, efficient process, limitless in its possibilities for good, all-embracing in its application to the needs of suffering humanity. And it is this Reality, this process, let us not forget, that is being brought into action in all its phases, in all its blessed potentialities, by means of the liturgy. The Church throughout the liturgical year is exhibiting Christ and His work to us in their totality, seeking both to inspire us with the same mental vision of peace and security, the same moral hope and courage that flashed and scintillated upon a darkened world that first Christmas night; and, at the same time, to draw us more closely into personal contact, personal union, with Him.

Christ and His message, in fine, are not completely represented as being something of the past, like King John and the Magna Carta; and yet it is surprising how much emphasis is placed upon their purely historical aspect, their moral (as contrasted with their objective) reality, by many Catholics. Surprising too, and regrettable I think, is the undue emphasis placed upon some particular aspect of His message by overenthusiastic supporters of certain Catholic "movements" designed to remedy some special phase of modern distress. Very worthy and very necessary indeed they all may be; but a sound grasp of the part the living Christ

must play in the conditions they are designed to remedy, and even a reading between the lines of the papal encyclicals that have inspired many of them, seems to be lacking more often than not. Such enthusiasts remind one of the good old retreat-master whose perpetual theme was: "The key to holiness is the particular examen." Emphasis on this useful spiritual device tended to obscure the fact that personal effort is in reality less efficacious toward acquiring sanctity than Christ and His grace. Similarly, the plethora of "remedies" proposed by Catholic experts in the various fields of modern social action are at best man-made artificial devices, useful only in so far as they assist, harmful whenever they tend to supplant or obscure, Christ's primal and indispensable function in the world today.

Mr. Chesterton, I am glad to see, takes cognizance of this cardinal principle, in his theory of Distributism, as can be gathered from his article on the subject in the issue of THE COMMONWEAL I am referring to. Christ is made the true center of the life of his "free families on free farms" through the medium of the parish priest and church. And so does Mr. Gouverneur Paulding, by implication, pleading in the same issue (is all this a providential coincidence?) for the only kind of internationalism that is workable, viz., the Catholic kind. With becoming but perhaps unnecessary modesty, he avoids the theological implications of his argument; or more concretely, the liturgical implications. The Catholic Church is indeed both in name and in fact an international society, its members outwardly united in religious belief and practice under a single head, and therefore already a potential model for, aye, the very framework upon which to build, your structure of international peace. But far more significant is the deeper, liturgical view of the Church as Christ's Mystical Body, fused by the power of the Holy Spirit into a unit, a single entity more intimate and thorough than a Wilson or a Briand ever dreamed of. Races, nations, families, individuals, form one amalgam that is the Church, preserving indeed those lesser distinctive qualities that make them what they are, that determine their special functions in the merely temporal human scene, just as the members of the human body have each their special form and function yet make but one organic whole. Far surpassing and transcending these functions in dignity and value are the things all share in common: union with their Head from Whom flows down light and strength to see the truth and to do the right, union with one another so that "if one member suffer anything, all the members suffer with it; or if one member glory, all the members rejoice with it" (I Corinthians, xii, 26). Certainly the present world distress should make it easier for us to see at least the possibility of this marvel wrought by the Redeemer, for perhaps at no other time in history has that which called it forth been more clearly in evidence: the oneness of the human race in its common weaknesses, its common blindness and futility, its common sufferings and its common need. And if nations or individuals

have chosen to cut themselves off from the one Head that can give them life and strength and light, one must not wonder if they seem to be tearing at each other in a futile struggle for their separate existence. So too do the members of the human body act sometimes in delirium, or in the throes of death: that is, when the brain, the seat of life, of order and control, no longer functions. . . .

The conclusion of all this is of course that we Catholics are in a position materially to assist the world toward that true permanent recovery from its many ills that all are yearning for. If liturgy, the outward articulation of our faith and the channel of spiritual strength and growth, is at the same time continually presenting us with a coherent world-view, a *Weltanschauung* in respect to all the basic needs of fallen man, we must do all we can to widen and deepen our intellectual grasp of it, increase and quicken our participation in it. And if its other aspect as Christ's Mystical Body dawns upon us in its true light, in its glorious possibilities, we shall not only derive much solace for ourselves, and strive to remove whatever may be obstructing the flow of life and light from our Head, but we shall also grasp the one ideal, the one object of that Head, to restore all things in Him. We cannot all, of course, have the privilege of attending a liturgical academy, there to concentrate upon these doctrines in all their fulness, to live the liturgical life in all its splendor. But perhaps the very fact that Abbot Herwegen and his monks have seen fit to consecrate themselves to such a work and study, instead of allowing their learning and eloquence and devotion to serve directly the many other (and much more clamorous) needs of stricken Germany, may help to steel our resolution. We too can be "liturgical" in the highest, deepest sense. Christ, His daily Sacrifice, His sacraments, are at our door, ever inviting us to a livelier participation, a fuller, more loving appreciation; which, if we give with generosity, will enable Him to be for us not simply the comfort He can be in all depression, but the herald of complete, enduring recovery.

To One Grown Foreign

You would corrode our memories
With bitterness,
And shrink my soul
To your dimension;
Well, laugh to scorn
The hopes
We once held higher
Than this plane
Of crass sophistication;
Deride me, if you will,
I'll hold to mine,
Lest I become the beggar
At the end,
Soliciting warmth
From those who shelter dreams.

LE BARON COOKE.

ENGLISH ARABS

By ERNEST BRENECKE, JR.

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH English rendering of the 'Odyssey' can hardly be a literary event"—so begins T. E. Shaw's prefatory note to his widely heralded translation. But T. E. Shaw—aircraftsman-private, known also as Mr. Ross, and famous as Lieutenant-Colonel T. E. Lawrence, C.B., D.S.O., Prince of Mecca, "the Arabian Knight," "El-Orens, wrecker of trains," author of "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" (\$5,000 a copy) and "Revolt in the Desert" (circulation, 250,000)—must at least dimly suspect that anything he publishes, no matter how trifling, will be pounced upon by every critic and gossip as a literary event of the very first order. On this occasion, as so frequently in the past, he appears before the gaping world in an attitude of mingled disdain and shyness, truculence and modesty, plain speaking and mystification. Few people seem to know his baptismal or family name; everybody is familiar with his bloody exploits as a killer. Five feet three inches in height, less than a hundred pounds in weight, he astonished the toughest Arab horsemen with his feats of muscle and nerve. Publishing a mere fragment of his diaries, he displayed a command over a prose style that is the admiration and despair of men of letters. Retiring into the barracks of the common British soldiery at the height of his military and literary glory, he now tosses out a matchless translation of Homer.

As his admirers hoped, and as his enemies must have feared, his "Odyssey" is another genuine achievement. Indeed his prefatory note, by its daring, leaves him open to attack. His impressions of Homer's work are iconoclastic.

In this tale every big situation is burked and the writing is soft. . . . The author misses his every chance of greatness. . . . In four years of living with this novel I have tried to deduce the author from his self-betrayal in his work. I found a bookworm, no longer young, living from home, a mainlander, city-bred and domestic. Married but not exclusively, a dog-lover, often hungry and thirsty, dark-haired. Fond of poetry, a great if uncritical reader of the "Iliad," with limited sensuous range but an exact eyesight which gave him all his pictures. A lover of old bric-a-brac. . . .

Plenty of scholars will quarrel with this amiably dogmatic speculation. They may quarrel too with his refreshing lack of primness in expression, which, however, is always justified by the forthrightness of his original. When he strikes a petulant outburst of Ares, he renders, boldly but accurately, "for this bitch-eyed girl." He also has Nestor declare, "Nine years we pegged away"; he writes "bull-neck," "I am no ninny at sports," "suitor-maggots." Thus he has avoided two of the worst faults of other translators: their

timidity and their comical determination to see and make exalted poesy where Homer has none. At the same time it must not be supposed that he debases the work. Many a line bears up surprisingly well under the rugged touch:

As soon as his preluding chords were heard two clowns danced in among the guests and threw cartwheels upon the hall floor.

Sensitivity and a keen apprehension of beauty and feeling are nowhere absent. Consider how the true Odyssean spirit is rendered in the following highly characteristic speech.

Indeed I might drool on and on, telling the tale of all that I have suffered, of the manifold trials inflicted on me by the will of the gods. But instead I will ask leave to obey my instincts and fall upon this supper, as I would do despite my burden of woe. See now, there is not anything so exigent as a man's ravening belly, which will not let him alone to feel even so sore a grief as this grief in my heart; but prefers to overwhelm his misery with its needs for meat and drink, forcibly and shamelessly compelling him to put its replenishment above his soul's agony.

While Shaw's prevalent mood is an intensely virile one, supported by flashes of daring boisterousness, he does not send away empty-headed the reader who craves nobility, even piety, in both Homer and his translator. So indeed it has been with all that he has done. Perhaps to a greater extent than any other living man he has refuted the still popular fallacy that an absorbed and erudite scholar cannot be a great adventurer, that a radical iconoclast cannot maintain dignity, that a poet cannot be a man of action or a humorist. In doing so, however, he has somehow become enwrapped in a sensational aura of mystery which both attracts and repels. For much of it he is himself responsible. One cannot assume a series of aliases without appearing just a bit bizarre or sophomoric. One cannot sport the costume of an Arab sheik in the streets and salons of London without attracting just a mite of amused attention. And if a famous Lieutenant-Colonel wishes really to drop quietly out of sight in order to commune with Homer, he should not duck spectacularly into the ranks.

Some of the mystery is again the fault of professional merchants of publicity, such as our own Mr. Lowell Thomas, who bearded Lawrence as our tabloid reporters bearded Lindbergh, and who produced a book whose inaccuracy is matched only by its vulgarity. The public finally is to blame, as being too ravenously receptive to every variety of romantic bunk. It has cocked an all too greedy ear to the manufactured legends that make up the Lawrence saga.

What legitimate mystery there is in this character and in his performance has undoubtedly been heightened by the fact that he has always been regarded as a phenomenon *sui generis*, as a man who stands alone, outside of all traditions. The burden of his enigma may be considerably lightened by the realization that he is decidedly not in a class by himself, that his work is definitely a part of a solid tradition in British letters, part of a literature within a literature, created by a long line of Englishmen who spoke Arabic, adventured in Arabia and wrote about Arabia. Knowing little about them, one can see Lawrence only through a fog; seeing them clearly, one can also see Shaw emerging slowly from the mists.

This line of English Arabians begins as far back as 1734, when George Sale published his monumental annotated translation of the Koran. It flourished and gathered momentum all through the nineteenth century, when Edward William Lane labored over his colossal Arabic-English lexicon, when Sir Richard Burton made his celebrated pilgrimage in disguise to Mecca and Medina and produced his audacious version of the "Thousand and One Nights," when William Gifford Palgrave, and Wilfred Scawen and Lady Blunt published their travels, when Charles M. Doughty wrote his "Arabia Deserta." Here we have a genuinely homogeneous group. All its members were active in the same territory, all were adventurous spirits, and all wrote superb English. But that does not explain the peculiar atmosphere that envelops their work as a whole, and it does not explain why their accomplishment has not been duplicated by Englishmen who were attracted to other regions within the British Empire, to India, for instance. James Mill, Macaulay, Kipling—one cannot find a tradition there. To understand the unique features of the English-Arabian line, one must consider the curious quality of the Arabian experience which drew its members together.

Consider the Arab character, wild and savage as it has always been, but sentimentally poetic also. Burton has told how, when he himself narrated some of the tales in the "Nights" to his nomad listeners, they would lick their chops at the tall stories of feasting and fornication, and would dissolve into blubbing at the pathetic passages. Again the Arab character exhibits a profound strain of religion and piety. The coarsest Arab will regard his faith, and all its luxuriant appendages of superstition, with the utmost seriousness. The Arab culture, now degenerated into the elemental brutalities of desert life and warfare, still retains vestiges of the civilization that produced masterpieces of architecture and mathematical science and once almost inundated all Europe.

Consider the language, the vernacular not only of the Arabian peninsula itself, but also of Egypt, Palestine and Syria. It is the corner-stone of the whole Semitic group, impressively rich and subtle in its inflections and vocabulary. Its verb, consisting generally of only three radical letters, is conjugated through

a dozen moods. There are scores of expressions for "camel" alone. Usually only the consonants are written; the vowels are left to take care of themselves. Such flexibility is the despair of every beginning student, as the writer of this article can testify, but the delight of natural linguists. It would not be going too far to regard the Arabs as a race of lexicographers and grammarians. Over a hundred native dictionaries were used by Lane, many of them compilations from numerous sources. Lane slaved unremittingly for thirty-four years to produce five immense volumes containing only the common words; three more were compiled from his notes after his death. But a lifetime was not enough to enable him even to begin the collection of uncommon words. Commentaries, grammatical and literary, throw the learned Arab into transports. Sale's notes to the Koran, drawn from native sources, double his text and form one of the most fascinating collections of strange learning and fiction in any literature. Often a commentary is more obscure than the text it accompanies, as in the case of the celebrated "Seances" of Hariri, an exercise purely in the subtleties of style. The whole of Arabic literature presents a unique mixture of Billingsgate and poetry, of sensuality and reverence, of maudlin pathos and tragic strength and uproarious comedy.

Now it would scarcely be reasonable to suppose that a more or less accidental contact with the Arabs, with their country (which is both a horror and a poetic experience) and with their language and literature actually generated the species of English-Arabian which we are trying to comprehend. It is getting a good deal nearer to the truth to hold that the Arabian experience simply served to attract a certain type of Britisher. He does not become a poet by going to Arabia, but he goes to Arabia because he is a poet, as Macphail observed of Lawrence. If Arabia had been accessible in the time of Queen Elizabeth, one may be sure that many a Marlowe or Tom Nashe would have found his way there.

So one may at least partially define and explain the essence of Shaw and his forebears, and their range, which extends between two extremes and passes gradually from one into another of at least five stages: first, the reverential awe inspired by desolate places; second, immense linguistic erudition; third, enthusiasm for literary style, often resulting in an impulse to translate; fourth, physical as well as mental adventure; fifth, vigor and ferocity. The two extreme stages in this range are not found in every member of the line. George Sale, for instance, working on the Arabic New Testament with the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, represents only the most respectable aspects of the tradition and had no physical adventures.

Lane, still respectable, went farther in the direction of romantic color. A devout Christian, he was almost as belligerent as an Oriental about his religion. He never allowed a morning to go by without reciting the Arabic invocation to the Deity, "Bismillah," and when

he lived dangerously among the Moslems, he conformed only with such of their usages as did not involve a profession of their faith. On Sundays he found relaxation in reading the Hebrew Old Testament and gloating over the errors of translators. He was adventurous; his own account of the daring devices by which he gathered his source-books makes a thrilling narrative.

The respectable leanings of Sale and Lane are more than counterbalanced by the "fierce and flawed and splendid personality" of Burton. It is a great pity that his reputation has been so exclusively saddled upon his "Arabian Nights," and that that prodigious work is sought chiefly by dealers and collectors of pornography. But there is much to be found in Burton even without considering the charm and splendor of the "Nights." And one should remember that, as he said, he was doing his best "at a time when the hapless English traveler is expected to write like a young lady for young ladies, and never to notice what underlies the most superficial stratum." In this spirit he wrote his "Personal Narrative of a Journey to El-Medinah and Meccah," in his liveliest, grimmest and most truculent style. Traveling in constant mortal danger, he was said to have killed his man; he later admitted shamefacedly this was not true.

Much has been written about the style of Doughty's "Travels in Arabia Deserta." Doughty himself gave support to the supposition that he went straight back to the Elizabethan idiom, forgetting all that had been written in English since 1600. But this hardly explains the peculiar dignity and the unnaturally balanced (though strangely affecting) cadences of his prose. It is in his familiarity with Arabic idiom and poesy that much of the true explanation lies. To an orientalist the very first paragraph of his book evokes not only the streets of the oldest living city in the world, but especially the very language of its inhabitants. It reads like an excellent but literal translation from the Semitic:

A new voice hailed me of an old friend when, just returned from the Peninsula, I paced again that long street of Damascus which is called Straight; and suddenly taking me wondering by the hand, "Tell me," said he, "since thou art here again in the peace and assurance of Ullah, and whilst we walk, as in the former years, toward the new blossoming orchards, full of the sweet spring as of the garden of God, what moved thee, or how couldst thou take such journeys into the fanatic Arabia."

That passage bears an unmistakable stamp; it exhibits the very essence of the English Arabians.

T. E. Shaw, in whom the tradition seems at present to be chiefly embodied, is now only forty-four years old. England still produces scholars, stylists and adventurers. Arabia is still a wild and fantastic country. It may be the last region on earth to yield to the movement for universal peace and plenty. Not till that desired event takes place are we likely to see the end of the literature produced by our English Arabs.

THE GRAHAM PLAN

By RICHARD A. LESTER

THE SPIRIT in which Dr. John A. Ryan reviewed Professor Graham's book, "The Abolition of Unemployment," in the January 4 issue of THE COMMONWEAL was so sympathetic and so fine that I hesitate, in Professor Graham's absence, to reply to the opinions that were expressed in the last two paragraphs of the review.

I cannot, however, agree with Father Ryan that a vast program of public works is now the most hopeful attack on our unemployment problem. Two years ago such a plan might have been appropriate, but now, with local governmental units threatened with complete breakdown and delinquent taxes in some cities amounting to 30 and 40 percent, the federal government is the only agent that would come into question in discussing public works, yet a federal public-works program could not attempt even to fill the gap left by the decrease in state and municipal public-works appropriations.

If, as Mr. Harry L. Hopkins estimated in his testimony before the Senate Committee, 3,000,000 families in the nation will require assistance from public funds in 1933, even the \$500,000,000 unemployment relief bill now being discussed in the Senate might prove to be inadequate. To add to that, say, a \$3,000,000,000 bond issue for federal public works, would not only strain federal credit to the breaking-point—bearing in mind, with our present fear complex, the repercussions that such a strain would have on the whole financial system—but such a program, at best, could take care of but a small fraction of the 3,000,000 families that will need assistance. In fact, localities and states are now finding that work relief, under which about 85 percent of the expenditures are paid out in direct money wages to the unemployed, is too expensive a method of relief to continue on an extensive scale. The evolution in unemployment relief policies appears to be: public works, to work relief for money wages, to work for the relief already given on a direct-relief basis. In my opinion, we have progressed, or rather regressed, far beyond the point at which an extensive public-works program is feasible and should adjust our thinking accordingly.

Father Ryan believes that the public-works method is more likely to be adopted than any scheme such as Professor Graham's. "If," he writes, "the Emergency Employment Corporation waits until a sufficient number of business men set it up, it will be still non-existent at the arrival of the Greek Kalends." That may or may not be so—I don't know when the Greek Kalends come around—but I doubt it. Business men are already pricking up their ears. A number of them together with some relief administrators have expressed a willingness to aid in getting into operation such a nationwide or state-wide scheme as Professor Graham out-

lines in his book. In fact, Professor Graham's plan is right now being proposed for state-wide application by a number of influential officials in at least three states.

But fortunately it is not necessary to wait patiently until the spirit moves our business leaders *en masse*. All over the country, but especially in the West, the unemployed themselves have begun to organize and operate systems of exchange, most of them more crude and less elaborate than the system Professor Graham advances, but none the less they are based on essentially the same principles. In fact, the Natural Development Corporation of Utah, Arizona, Wyoming, and points West, is doing thousands of dollars worth of business daily and giving work to over 50,000 people, by means of a plan almost identical with Professor Graham's.

The activities of the Natural Development Corporation are discussed in a recent issue of the *New Republic* as well as in more comprehensive articles by Joanna Colcord in the December issue of the *New Outlook* and the present writer in the February issue of the *North American Review*. The *New Republic* in an editorial estimates that "somewhere in the neighborhood of a million people are now earning their subsistence through exchange organizations."

It is no longer a question of getting the movement started. Over 140 separate scrip- and barter-exchanges have spontaneously sprung up all over the country, or at least in twenty-nine states. The question now is, how can these local and state-wide movements be coordinated in such a way as to increase their economic effectiveness.

It is in line with this question of procedure that a number of outstanding economists are petitioning the President of the United States "to appoint a special committee of relief administrators, industrial, commercial and labor executives, governmental officials, and economists to investigate the feasibility of such emergency exchanges and to serve as a clearing-house of information as to best practice in their establishment and operation," and also "to call a conference of executives in industrial, commercial and merchandising enterprises to consider, and, if deemed proper, to encourage, the coöperation of such enterprises in developing such emergency exchanges." The petition—petitioning has become quite a pastime with economists—will have been released to the press by the time this is in print.

It is because of such developments as these, along with others which, because of the limits of space and pledges of confidence, cannot here be discussed, that I cannot share Father Ryan's doubt about getting such a scheme as Professor Graham's into operation. Such schemes are already in operation. Now it is only a question of how they shall be operated, on what scale, by what methods and by whom—matters which, in Professor Graham's opinion, "are not nearly as important as the simple idea on which they build."

THE SPANIEL

By W. A. SCHARPER, JR.

THE BOY SCOUTS camp high up. They had long ago cleared a place and pitched their three large sixteen-by-sixteen tents, near a spring. High up they were, on the crest of a little steep hill, so nothing could be washed down on them during the heavy rains of spring. They came when the wind tore at the sere leaves in autumn, and they came when snow covered the ground and chilled the country roundabout in winter; but it was summer now and the Boy Scouts liked that best. They could have a lot of fun and pass more tests and win more merit badges when the schools had closed and when all their energies and interests could be directed toward Scouting.

They had had a good long summer. The sun had burned the boys' backs a dull bronze, and the older ones had advanced far in their nature study. One boy had trapped three living black snakes and had bottled them in alcohol.

The path leading down the hill was twisting and steep and studded with fingering tree-roots and large stones. At night it was a dangerous descent; but in day, with bright sunlight filtering through the matted roof of verdure overhead, it was a thrilling path. At least the boys thought it so, and they whooped and sang when they went down to the river.

The river was blocked off down below with a dam. It was a small dam of concrete and now very commonplace to the boys who had seen moving pictures of giant dams rising to dizzy heights in places out West. Above the dam a spring-board had been built, and here the boys swam and the water was twenty or twenty-five feet deep in some places.

This morning it was very hot and today is Sunday. The boys were down at the river swimming and having fun playing with a water-polo ball. The water was dark and muddy and full of floating tree-limbs from the recent rains, and out in mid-stream the current pulled strongly. A man from the State Forest Reserve had walked by and the boys had been glad to see him. He always treated them kindly because he knew they were careful not to cut down young trees, never dug their initials into the bark of beeches, and always crushed out every last spark of their fires. He was good to them and helpful and each time after they saw him they felt that they were important, intrusted persons.

It was very nearly time for dinner and only three Scouts remained by the water. Never less than three swam together; it was a safety-first rule. The three were resting on the bank and gazing across the river at the high slope on the other side. The slope was heavily wooded and the thick green turned dull under the hot glare of sunlight gave them a languid, lazy feeling.

One of the boys shifted his gaze downstream a bit to look at the old wooden mill that was equipped with that dangerous mill-stream. The mill was no longer in use but the narrow, deep channel sucking the water in from the river and rushing it through, under, the mill had remained clean-swept and functioning. There was a danger over there and so everybody steered clear of that place. As he gazed he focused his eyes more distinctly and saw a man waving his arms and calling, "Help! Help!" The Scout could hear the man's voice. He pulled to his feet and asked the other boys to stand up and look with him. All they could see was the man beckoning and calling, "Help! Help!"

There were three splashes in the turgid stream and the three Boy Scouts were swimming across. The river was only 125

yards wide and the boys made it quickly and easily. They drew up on shore and hurried toward the man with quickening heartbeats. He was tall and hatless and his eyes were dilated. He still waved his arms in the air and now was cursing wickedly. He had gone very white in the face and when the boys reached him he tugged excitedly at their arms and took them around the mill-house to look into the block where the water emerges from the wheel inside.

Where the water emerges a smooth construction of planks makes a break in the rush of driven water and the stream leaps into the block a whirling, giddy mass. A giant eddy sweeps round and round in the center and sucks down anything in its grasp. The block is eighteen feet wide, and the whirlpool covers almost all and must extend at least that far.

The man pulled on the Boy Scouts' arms and made them look into the whirlpool. Near the very center was a spaniel, a black spaniel swimming against the strong suction of the water. The water was muddy and made a horrible gloating belch as it drew itself into itself in the very center of the block.

The spaniel was a small dog and very black. Its long clean hair was wetly matted against its side. The dog held his mouth open and was panting hard as he fought toward the side of the block. He was swimming as mightily as he could but there was no headway; he wasn't even holding his own.

The man kept shouting but now had gone inarticulate. The boys tried to get a long pole or something but when they got the only one in sight it wasn't long enough and the dog seemed afraid of them and of the pole. When they reached it out and called upon the spaniel to grip it with his teeth he didn't seem able to; he seemed too weak or too dumb or perhaps too fearful of them.

The man had flung himself out on the ground and was moaning. One of the boys heard him addressing the dog as Joker; so he told the other two and they determined to remember the name; it might help them.

They tried the pole again and talked in kindly, excited voices. They begged the dog to strain forward and bite hold of the long pole. The spaniel wouldn't do it again, and as their arms grew weak with the weight they had to draw back the pole and look for something else. One of the boys started to search for a rope or something, but he couldn't find any; and when he returned to the others he saw them biting their lips and tears starting up in their wide-stretched eyes. He looked at the dog and saw him almost in the very center of the pool. His tongue was hanging lifelessly now and his eyes were rolling frantically in his head.

It was his eyes that smote at the boys' hearts and consciences. Great, sad eyes turning glassy with the sure knowledge of certain doom. The boys couldn't look at him now; they knew his tired, racked body, so black and silky, was beginning to bob up and down, sinking as the swirling water dragged him down, rising in a great fight for life. The boys couldn't look any longer, so they turned away and saw the man lying with his face in the earth sobbing and calling, "Joker! Joker! Joker!"

They could hear the spaniel's rasping intake of breath coming to them across the harsh gurgle of greedy muddy water. They could hear him as he moaned for strength, moaned from deep, deep down in his aching, battered body. They were hearing him clear as clear, but they were young and had tried and had failed. It wasn't their fault and he didn't belong to them; and they had nothing but a long pole that wasn't long enough, that the dog couldn't seize upon. The boys heard the dog. They heard him sink beneath and fight up to air. They heard a dog dying, but they looked at a man who sobbed aloud and pushed

his face into the hot grass and keep saying, "Joker! Joker! Joker!"

One of the boys looked at the other two. He saw tears in the others' eyes and he saw them biting their lips with cruel teeth. One of the boys turned suddenly and looked at the dog. He saw the dog's head ride backward; he saw the dog's bulging eyes pleading upward toward the implacable, indifferent sun. The other boys turned toward the dog and no one spoke. One of the boys took down his faded swimming-pants and put his ankle in the other's hand. The first one slipped head-downward into the water, the second followed. The third completed the chain, stretching out on the grass, feet turned away from the block. The largest, heaviest, was ashore, gripping with tense, pulsing hands the other's ankle. The other planted his feet against the side of the bank, trying to grip his toes into the slimy wood. The smallest was out-front, two body-lengths from the grass. He could feel the hands gripping his ankle in a clutch at once relentless and reassuring. He was the smallest of the three and his hand stretched forward and he felt the downward pull of the water. He was rolling his body and kicking the one free leg to fight the awful drain beneath. His left hand was groping under the dark flood. His fingers could feel and localize a soft, thrashing paw. He heaved his body forward. His fingers drew up and clutched the paw. He held tightly, tightly as death. His head dipped below. Water, black and roaring in its giddy suck, flooded up his nose and ears. He was sinking, and his face going down and down.

The boy on the bank pulled hard. He tugged and drew up the other, cruelly scraping his body on the side of the wooden block. The first came last. They got him quickly ashore and rolled him over. They twisted away his fingers from the spaniel's paw and the large boy went to work on the small boy's false ribs. It wasn't necessary, though, because he opened his eyes and smiled weakly and then puked a little.

It didn't take them very long. It was a dog, of course, and they were at a loss where to discover a spaniel's false ribs. Instead they rolled him and turned him up-side down and vigorously stroked his legs and belly.

They stood him up, but he was too weak and dazed to support himself, and he fell over on his side and coughed up water. They looked at him a while, all three boys sitting back on their haunches, and they all said he was a game dog and wished they had a dog like him. Then they marvelled that he was so small and they scratched his head and wondered how long he had been holding out against the whirlpool before they had arrived on the scene.

The dog, the little black spaniel, was gradually breathing easier and he kept staring at the three boys with dark brown bodies and very white teeth. The dog stared at them and they stared into the beautiful dark depths of the dog's eyes and saw there a gratitude greater than words. The three got to their feet and went over to the tall man who had waved his arms.

He was still lying on his belly with his face in the grass but had fallen asleep. They thought for a little, and then each one patted the dog's head affectionately and they put him close against his sleeping master's side.

From across the river they could hear someone yelling each of their names singly. Dinner! They smiled and jabbed a thumb into one another's ribs and walked down to the water. The Boy Scouts swam slowly, strongly, back across the muddy river, the sun was hot, the earth was quiet and they knew they would be hungry at dinner.

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

We, the People

IN CONTRAST to "Street Scene," which was universal, Elmer Rice's latest play, "We, the People," is of a particular day and mood. It is vibrantly of the present moment, almost hysterically so at times. It is a play of angry and ironic protest against the broader aspects of social injustice in times like these and also against special and particular forms of injustice and hypocrisy. Hot fury runs through it like a fever, the more so because delusions are often mixed with realities and half truths with honest statements of fact. The delusions and half truths concern chiefly the inner motives of some of the leading characters. The honest facts relate to happenings recorded with tragic monotony in every edition of every newspaper—self-respecting and thrifty families brought by tripphammer blows to utter poverty and starvation, meager profits scraped from the bent back of human misery, greed unconsciously committing suicide before the very eyes of millions it has thrown out of work. In days when the voice of the Vatican has been raised again, "after forty years," in a terrible indictment of economic cruelty, no fair-minded person can question the facts. Where Mr. Rice forfeits strength is in going beyond facts to individual motives, in imputing conscious hypocrisy to those who are often merely the product of a system and a tradition, in giving all the inner goodness to the economically oppressed and all the cynical wickedness to the alleged monsters of great wealth.

"We, the People" is an episodic play of twenty scenes recounting the ever-increasing tragedy of the Davis family and those with whom the lives of this family are linked. William Davis is a foreman in a large industrial plant. He has saved carefully and bought his own home. His daughter, Helen, is a public-school teacher. His son, Allen, is a student in the State University. The economic avalanche is already rumbling when the play starts. Helen Davis has received no salary from the bankrupt city for three months. She is in love with Albert Collins, a senior clerk in a large financial firm, but as Collins must help support his impoverished mother on a farm that no longer pays its own way, and as Helen must, when and if she is paid, help to keep Allen in college, the date of a possible marriage seems very far off. Some one less bent on showing the march of misery than Mr. Rice could still have found many ways in which the two could have arranged marriage. But Mr. Rice will have it otherwise, so that, despairing of marriage, Helen and Albert yield to their emotions. At about the same time, Albert's brother, shell-shocked in the war, goes berserk on the farm, Helen's father is finally discharged after his years of faithful work (to the accompaniment of a further dividend from surplus by the company), the bank where his life's savings were on deposit closes its doors, the mortgage on his home is foreclosed, and he himself is shot when he leads a group of unemployed to the plant to seek a discussion with the "boss."

With the background of these dismal facts, we have alternating scenes in the office and home of Drew, the private banker, where half-million-dollar pictures are bought while 5 percent of that sum is contributed to unemployment relief, where industrial plans are laid out, where the president of the State University is persuaded to run for President of the United States and senators are controlled. Mr. Rice does not go as far as you might suspect in making all these characters black villains. He is seemingly moderate and restrained in his char-

acter portraits, but every now and then he uses a revealing line or situation to make his inference clear—the inference of cynical and deliberate hypocrisy. As a culmination, Allen Davis is sent to prison for stealing coal from a railroad yard to keep his family warm, and after release from prison is "framed" at a protest meeting during which a policeman is shot. He is sentenced to death. The final scene is supposed to be a public platform from which we have speeches by a minister, by a young college professor of old Colonial stock, and by others begging for a new trial for Allen Davis, and for a return to principles of judicial and social justice in this republic of once high hopes.

The outline recital of some of the major events in this play must inescapably give the impression of high exaggeration and of a totally unnecessary piling up of miseries. But you must remember that Elmer Rice is one of the very best of our American playwrights. He brings to this panorama of our social system all that quick sense of the theatre and all that ear for telling speech which made "Street Scene" one of the best realistic plays of many years. "We, the People" is no ordinary propaganda play. It is full of expert characterization, of clearly etched scenes with swift incisive action, of dialogue that, for the most part, has authentic tang and flavor. The play is never dull. Artistic restraint has been used in many scenes that might easily have become maudlin or unbearably gloomy. There is true comedy mixed with much of the biting irony. The dramatic unities are surprisingly preserved. In fact, the heaping up of all possible misfortunes on one family is a direct result of this effort to view a national scene through a limited field. Nor can we question the fact that in the last two years, as seldom before in our history, calamities have come in droves upon single families. Men of middle age have been discharged from jobs that looked as secure as the bed rock of New York; their entire accumulations have been wiped out, either in bank failures or through investment, often made under moral suasion, in the stocks of the companies for which they worked. Former office managers have begged in vain for jobs as night watchmen. Firms have discharged a hundred employees, thereby saving perhaps \$150,000, only to contribute publicly a fifth of that saving to relief funds.

Mr. Rice has the objective facts to support the incidents of his play, enough even to justify the accumulation of disasters over a single home. It is in the subjective inferences of the play that we find the debilitating blight of prejudice. If Mr. Rice could only see it, the tragedy of the present day is all the more appalling and fantastic because of the frozen habits of mind, of the inertia, and because of the only half-conscious motives of those who are helping to achieve the suicide of greed. Deliberate hypocrisy would be far easier to deal with. Blindness and a numbed conscience make far worse enemies to combat. They plunge headlong against a threatening doom as if driven by an evil fury. They are in fact, and could easily be made to become in a play, an integral part of a universal and sweeping tragedy. By thinning down these life forces, Mr. Rice has opened the way to many objections, to detailed argument, and to manifold defense mechanisms. He has missed the note of high tragedy entirely. Nevertheless, the play provides a stirring experience, and makes an appeal, no matter how prejudiced it may seem, to the fires of self-examination which are slowly kindling beneath the agony of our day. (At the Empire Theatre.)

COMMUNICATIONS

THE CHURCH AND CRIME

Ossining, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Father Callan in the issue of THE COMMONWEAL for February 1 takes exception to my article on "The Church and Crime," in which I discussed Catholic populations in prisons. He claims that the article is misleading and inadequate on five points.

(1) Father Callan says: "We must not judge from one particular prison." My statistics mentioned explicitly prisons in Massachusetts, Missouri, Michigan, Tennessee and New York. I referred to these prisons to illustrate a conclusion generally accepted by penologists; that prison population followed the general population. Father Callan said I referred to "one particular prison."

(2) Father Callan said: "It is not the fault of any religion that anybody is in prison." He seems to think that I said that religion had put them in prison, whereas the very point of the article is that it is a question of personal responsibility rather than religious affiliation. A man does not break laws as a member of a church but as an individual. This is just the thesis of my article, that "certain theorists today are willing to put the responsibility for crime anywhere and everywhere except on the shoulders of the men who break the laws, and that is where it justly belongs."

(3) Father Callan says: "It is certain that the vast majority of so-called Catholics in Sing Sing, or any other prison, were never practising Catholics." I wrote: "One can say as a general thing that most men in prison gave up the active practice of their faith before they faced the judge for sentence." Will Father Callan point out the difference in these statements?

(4) Father Callan says: "It is a fact that Catholics are often among the poorer classes of people and so are brought up in poverty and neglect." I said: "A great many Catholics are poor and live in the slums of the big cities. These slums are the social cancer spots." Perhaps there is a subtle distinction between these statements which escapes me.

(5) Father Callan states: "In studying crime, we must not overlook the factor of nationality. The people of southern Europe are more hot blooded, etc." I said: "The whole racial background of the offender must be understood. Some people are addicted to the use of the knife and pistol and they do not look upon these tools of crime as the law does." Obviously the only way to satisfy Father Callan on a similarity of meaning is to use similar words.

One must conclude that if the traveler from New Zealand wandered up to Hawthorne and asked the good Doctor why so many Catholics are in prison, he would have answered the question just as I did. And, his answer would have been just as "misleading and inadequate" as my own.

I think I know what happened. Father Callan is a very busy man, and when the editors of *Time* and the *Literary Digest* scissored my article they printed just what they wanted. This clipping impaired the context and has misled Father Callan into his hasty and groundless criticism. Either Father Callan read the original article or he did not read it. As it is inconceivable that he read it, what can be said of the propriety of criticising it if he did not read it? Father Callan knows the old trick of destroying the context. He should have remembered this before giving any criticism on a partially quoted article. As he went to the trouble of writing this criticism, he might have spared a few minutes more to read the original article.

Might I suggest that he read THE COMMONWEAL in the original instead of garbled and scissored by some editor who is trying to make muddy the truth. Sometimes, Homer nods; this time he fell sound asleep.

REV. JOHN P. McCAFFREY.

THE BABY RACKET

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: The article, "The Baby Racket," published in your December 14 issue was read and discussed at a recent meeting of the Catholic Physicians Guild of the Bronx, New York City.

The writer in describing her obstetrical experiences states, "The gouging began with our old family doctor." Evidently her relationship with the "old family doctor," could not have been of a very intimate character as she was unaware of the fact that he had retired from general practice and was devoting himself to internal medicine—"whatever that is."

For his examination he charged \$10.00—surely not a very striking example of "gouging." On being referred by him to an obstetrical hospital, she was confronted by a rather unsympathetic clerk who stated the terms at that institution, and the fee of the attending specialists. Here the writer intimates that the minimum fee was \$350, though later in the article when she consults the same doctor for her third confinement, she is informed that his fee has been raised \$200, but by that time "I was determined not to endow him with \$350 fees." There seems to be some discrepancy in arithmetic here.

At the hospital a room was engaged at \$12.00 per day. Later, however, "In a burst of generosity my husband ordered me moved"—this "added \$3.00 per day to my hospital bill." At the end of a three weeks' stay at this institution she returned home with her baby which had cost her a total of \$900, including \$50.00 for circumcision, day and night nurses, etc., but "which figure, of course, does not include the baby's layette, nor the nursery furniture." *Mirabile dictu*. Though there was a sacrifice of taxicabs, theatres and "my husband went without liquor."

The intimate description of the author's confinement, not forgetting the modern Sairy Gamp who attended her, is worthy of any metropolitan tabloid publication, and, for good measure, she contributes the sprightly remark, "He gave me a shot of scopolamine," despite the fact that this drug has long since passed into innocuous desuetude along with twilight sleep.

Her third confinement occurred in the Lewis Memorial Maternity Hospital, that admirable institution under the guidance of Cardinal Mundelein, designed for mothers who cannot afford to pay for the services of a private physician. Here, "I find myself rather snooty over having secured the best depression value I have heard of." There is no acknowledgment of, or gratitude expressed for, the charity she received, ignoring the fact that she was occupying a bed intended for the deserving poor.

Now the experiences described by all the doctors present, in recalling the normal conduct of the young Catholic woman of average intelligence confronted with the most important crisis of her life, was as follows: Her thought is her family physician who she knows has brought babies in his "black bag" to scores of mothers among her acquaintances. Were she residing in a strange city or locality, she would seek the counsel of some Catholic mother or of her pastor. To them she would state a desire to be under the care of a reputable Catholic physician; reputable because of the seriousness of the occasion, and Catholic

because of the possibility of the need for emergency baptism of her new-born babe.

The average fee charged in New York City does not exceed \$100; for hospital care about \$90.00; circumcision \$10.00; total \$200. This amount is often lowered to meet the requirements of individual cases.

This is not charity. The doctor is paid a reasonable fee, the institution can be run in a satisfactory manner on these charges, and this is the manner in which 90 percent of the babies of this city are delivered, outside of the City Hospitals intended for the care of the deserving poor.

At the close of the meeting, the following resolutions were adopted.

Whereas—An article designated "The Baby Racket" appeared in THE COMMONWEAL of December 14, 1932, a Catholic periodical of high standing, which article reflects great discredit on the medical profession, and,

Whereas—Such a recital of alleged experiences seems entirely improbable and unlike that of the average Catholic mother of proper home surroundings and upbringing. Be it

Resolved that the Catholic Physicians Guild of the Bronx, New York City, deplores the publication of this misleading article in a Catholic publication of high repute and standing, and be it further

Resolved that a copy of the above description of our meeting together with these resolutions be sent to THE COMMONWEAL with a request that it be published by that periodical as a refutation of this libel of our profession, and be it further

Resolved that a copy be also sent to the *Linacre Quarterly*, the official organ of the Federated Catholic Physicians' Guilds, for publication, in order that our entire membership be made aware that these imputations have not gone unanswered.

EDWARD C. PODVIN, M.D.,
President, Bronx Physicians Guild.

Evanston, Ill.

TO the Editor: May I proffer Mrs. Darst one flower amid the bevy of overripe fruit she is being flung? I enjoyed her article. The facts as she gave them were true of our suburb and I am sure could apply to dozens of similar communities in the country. During high times (in more senses than one) a baby was an investment and any attempt to economize on either physician or hospital was almost futile. That is, of course, if you wanted an obstetrician and a comfortable room in a well-staffed hospital.

The Darsts are, I am confident, typical of dozens of young married people throughout the land, neither more extravagant nor less, and while the doing without "liquor and a maid" in order to save the shekels for an approaching confinement may not touch the hearts of all your readers, those sacrifices were real to the Darsts. And real sacrifices they would be to many other couples, all your indignant correspondents notwithstanding. Haven't we always admired the man who gave up cigars to buy the little woman a diamond pin or a fur coat? What's the difference?

As to the disgruntled doctors who wrote in, they of course are funny. The only profession, seemingly, that cannot stand criticism is the medical profession. Lawyers, ministers, all are written up time after time and take the gaff without complaint. But just one article telling the truth about certain doctors' specific charges on specific occasions, all of which have been carefully verified before printing, and the panic starts.

So, Katharine, in closing let me say that I enjoyed your article immensely. I wish THE COMMONWEAL would print

more personal experience stuff and not quite so much national-international stuff. And Mr. Editor, don't take the criticism that the doctors allowed you to share with Mrs. Darst too seriously. How seldom does the medical profession give so much advice gratis!

MARGARET V. WALSH.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Three cheers for Mrs. Darst and THE COMMONWEAL—the former for her delightful article "The Baby Racket," and the latter for publishing it!

I am prompted to write to you by the insulting correspondence which appears in this week's issue—insulting to you and to Mrs. Darst. If those letters are any indication of the type of readers THE COMMONWEAL has, hadn't you better tell your Circulation Manager about it? There is an advertisement on the back page of the January 18 issue which says something about "the upper brackets of American intelligence."

However, conditions such as Mrs. Darst describes do most certainly exist—whether in San Francisco or Liberty I do not know—but they do in Chicago, according to Mrs. Darst, and I know they do in New York. I might even add a few details to Mrs. Darst's comments, but I couldn't match her sparkling and sophisticated style, so I shall refrain.

But as you suggest in this week's issue, we and the doctors are both to blame. The situation as I see it seems to revolve about that terrible habit of fear which most of us have acquired. If obstetrics is so important that it has become a highly specialized branch of medicine, then we are afraid to trust ourselves to a general practitioner. And if the best men charge a fee of \$500, then we feel, in our innocence, that there must be a good reason for consulting such a man, rather than one lower priced.

Our curiosity becomes aroused and we are anxious to know more about the great process that costs so much. We read about it, we talk about it, we think about it, until we've acquired a superficial knowledge that frightens us to death. And so we choose the expensive doctor. It's a vicious circle!

However, if Mrs. Darst should come to New York for her 1934 baby, I shall be delighted to introduce her to my doctor. He's a darling and if she's still broke (if I may use the word) I am sure his fee will be very low indeed.

Begging the indulgence of those of your readers who may be offended by my use of the vernacular and the apostrophe, I am,

FLORENCE O'CONNOR.

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: The grossly abusive letters from members of the medical profession in THE COMMONWEAL of January 18 on "The Baby Racket" make amusing reading. I congratulate Mrs. Darst for her courage in writing the article, and you deserve the greatest praise for publishing it.

Her letter gives a faithful presentation of existing conditions. Moreover, I am informed that the death rate of childbirth cases is higher in this country than in any country in Europe, because in Europe there are trained midwives, women who have been regularly taught enough to attend to a normal childbirth perfectly well, and who, also, know enough to seek help from a physician should the case require it. In this country our medical profession has opposed the qualified midwife. The poor, unable to pay the fees demanded by the doctors, employ midwives who have had no regular training, hence the high death rate. One of the worst scandals of our country is the "gold digger" doctor.

HENRY B. BINSSE.

BOOKS

Intuitive Criticism

Sketches in Criticism, by Van Wyck Brooks. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.50.

"WHO CAN endure to read old reviews?" asked William Dean Howells. The answer obviously depends not so much upon the reader as upon the review. One still derives more pleasure and profit from the hasty reviews of Poe than from the lengthy and labored critical articles of Lowell. If the reviewer is able to lift his subject out of its local and temporal surroundings into a realm of larger significance he will produce criticism of permanent interest. No American writer in our time has achieved this result more frequently or fully than Van Wyck Brooks. In an age which has gone astray more than all else in its sense of values, he has from the first possessed an intuitive certainty as to the function of literature and a passionate devotion to its highest attainments which has never permitted him to be swept into the current acceptance of the second-rate. Almost alone among contemporary writers he has retained his faith in the possibility of spiritual greatness. In season and out of season he has proclaimed the unwelcome truth that any artist, no matter how talented he may be, who allows his inner vision of the best to be violated by concessions to worldly prudence or popularity is a traitor to his art, to himself, to humanity. And American writers, he finds, have, with few exceptions been guilty of precisely this treason, with the result that our literature has been perpetually a literature of promise without fulfilment.

Such an austere attitude, with its insistence upon the heroic and the arduous, might easily have degenerated into the merely censorious, but Mr. Brooks has been saved from that defeat by his sensitiveness to all forms of literary virtue, however slight. Thus he was one of the first to perceive and encourage the renaissance of American literature immediately before the war, and at the same time he has remained the keenest critic of its unsatisfactory later developments. "Yes, this is good," he has seemed to say again and again, "but it is not good enough." It is this union of inspiration and admonition that has made Mr. Brooks such a potent force in criticism, that has caused even his earliest writings to be so often quoted, that has led so many other authors to cull plentifully from his vineyard. Like Matthew Arnold in his day, Mr. Brooks occupies a position that is both centered and central, and for this reason possibly as permanent as that of Arnold himself.

Hence, it does not matter in the least that of the forty-nine short essays brought together in "Sketches in Criticism" a number were first published long ago in the *Freeman* while others come fresh from Mr. Brooks's pen; old and new are equally contemporary. The collection is perhaps even more valuable than Mr. Brooks's more sustained volumes on Mark Twain, Henry James and Emerson, in that it not only possesses more variety of content but expresses more adequately Mr. Brooks's peculiar excellence which is that of penetrating intuition rather than of exhaustive argument. He possesses an uncanny ability to get at the heart of a man or a movement and to sum them up in a few sentences or paragraphs; further elaboration is then unnecessary.

No biography of William James, for example, could render a much more final account of him than these two sentences which spontaneously express a union of sweetness and light such as the propounder of that famous juxtaposition never himself attained: "Evidently, then, our American philosophers are somehow at

fault for the stagnancy of our life: and indeed, to explain the lapse, the defection, the fatuity of our own intellectuals one need go no further back than their acknowledged master, William James, that golden man and poet whose every personal trait, even to his 'Gothic earnestness,' as Mr. Santayana would perhaps call it, was lovable and magnetic. To trust a spontaneous self that has not been leavened either with great new values or with great old values, to turn whatever values one actually has, whether great or small, into moral 'cash,' to live the life not of thought but of will, such is the virtual fiat of the Jamesian pragmatism; and as thought is not too common in America, and our present values are as stale and musty as values can well be, this, for us, is to beg the whole question of philosophy."

Equally adequate are his appraisals of Henry Adams with his "pride of prudence," of Robert Ingersoll whose "Free Thought" had nothing to do with a free spirit, of James Huneker and Ambrose Bierce and Joaquin Miller. In general, Mr. Brooks has been somewhat less poised in his treatment of the Pre-Civil War period, tending, like his disciple, Lewis Mumford, to an amiable idealization; in the present volume, however, he even turns a discerning eye upon the disastrous influence of Walt Whitman.

So one might go on to multiply particular merits but above them all, brooding over them, is that yearning for moral and artistic consecration which Mr. Brooks has found lacking in American literature but which he himself, at least, has always exemplified.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

Training the Body

Interpretation of Physical Education; edited by Jay B. Nash. New York: A. S. Barnes and Company. Three volumes. \$2.00 each.

THIS series, intended to comprise five volumes, should serve as a physiological basis for students in physical education and health. In the Introduction, Professor Nash interprets physical education and comes to the conclusion that health is not the primary object of physical education, but the right use of the health individuals enjoy.

Volume I, "Mind-body Relationship," offers many surprises. In the chapter, "Oneness of Mind and Body," Dr. Lyons implicitly tells his readers: What I do not know, does not exist. Dr. Arnold Gesell starts his chapter on "Some Relations between Early Physical and Mental Growth" with the statement: "The traditional dualism (spirit and matter or matter and form) is disappearing." This is surprising, in the face of the fact that it is becoming stronger and stronger among true scientists, even among those who perhaps for some time held the materialistic errors. Dr. Little defends the mechanistic theory of life. Gestalt psychology plays the main rôle. The physiologist turned into the psychologist and the result is not happy. All the lecturers take more or less the following for granted: (1) The spirit does not exist; (2) the soul is not a spirit; (3) the soul cannot exist without its body, and (4) the cultivation and education of the body is directly applied to the soul also. These propositions, as it is well-known, have never been proved correct, whereas the philosophy of matter and form has been long and satisfactorily established.

Volume II, "Nature and Scope of Examinations," presents the various tests, examinations and procedures used to determine the condition of an individual. It is of a more practical nature. Most of the chapters are written by physicians, some of whom are of recognized standing. The first part of the book, "The

Status of the Individual," is rather psychical, and as such it shares the shortcomings of the first volume. The second half, which deals with the nature and scope of health examinations and their administration, is very comprehensive and ought to be useful to all engaged in that field.

Volume III, "Character Education through Physical Education," intends to contribute to the formation of "ethical character" as distinct from behavior, personality and morality. It is assumed that biological urges may be guided by physical education to respond always properly to life situations. Various definitions of character, its basis and educational formation are followed by an evaluation of physical education activities for character training. Examples of methodology, problems of administration and a bibliography conclude the contents.

Owing to the great number of authors collaborating in the three volumes, their difference in the treatment of subjects and the great variety of views expressed, it is impossible to go more into details. The work is of importance to educators since it presents the present trend of educational thought in our public universities and colleges. The basis of religion and spirituality having been cast aside entirely, how can character be formed? Does the will follow the mind? It may do so or not, since the will is free and independent of the mind, especially of science. The will is emotional and character is mostly an expression of the will although not exclusively so. There is no rational emotion; it arises in the heart. Many of the ideas proposed in the volumes are as old as paganism and are being applied anew in the past few decades with unusual zeal. With what results? The evils among the young which we deplore today give the answer. The promotion, improvement and extension of education is in the air. Daily the papers report "progress," and daily the advantages of education are heralded. It is high time to consider the other side of the question.

Higher education is not an unmixed blessing. The things more important than temporal goods are often not among its objects. Upbuilding along safe lines is slow, even in our tax- and foundation-supported institutions, but destructive and radical forces move rapidly and are applauded. How will it end? Sooner or later the spirit will rise phoenix-like above the ashes of materialism and meanwhile many an acropolis will fall into ruins.

The work under review is recommended for educational faculty libraries.

KILIAN J. HENNRICH.

Catholic Poets

The Catholic Anthology, by Thomas Walsh; revised edition with additional poems selected by George N. Shuster. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

AFTER going over the new poems in the revised edition of "The Catholic Anthology"—and a satisfactory list they are, too—I turned to the "Hound of Heaven," and I thought, as I read it over, of the first time I had heard it, recited almost entire by Eugene O'Neill, in the back room of an old-fashioned saloon (it was before prohibition) called the Golden Swan, a popular meeting place which used to be on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Fourth Street.

O'Neill was hanging around New York waiting for something to be done about his first full-length plays which were in the hands of Broadway producers. As yet he had achieved no popular success, but his one-act plays were being produced with gusto by the Provincetown Players around the corner. In the interminable waiting which goes on around a theatre, there was

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NEXT WEEK

TARDY TECHNOCRATS, by Broadus Mitchell, is a very able and urbane comment on a timely subject. The writer after identifying the elements of familiar social theories which the Technocrats have synthesized under the disguise of their own jargon, proposes that economists become social engineers. It may be pointed out, that it seems apparent that this proposal is being adopted by our incoming national administration. Heretofore economists studying social relations objectively, have been considered somewhat of a joke by practical business men and hard-headed politicians. The truth is that the business man struggling with realities in a competitive system, has not been able to see the forest for the trees, and that the economists have something to contribute to the larger, but none the less real, order of things. Technocracy itself seems already to be undergoing those human mutabilities which affect all oversimplifications of large affairs. . . .

SCIENCE AND RELIGION, by Karl F. Herzfeld, is a report by one of our most respected American scientists, of the physical laboratory of Johns Hopkins University, concerning the relation of the Catholic scientist to the religious life under the three aspects: the dogmatic, the moral and the ascetic. . . .

POET AND POLITICS, by P. G. Gleis, is the story of how a wise and witty man with the Promethean view is able to ride the waves of too importunate temporalities. . . .

CHARLES CARROLL AND THE REVOLUTION, by William Franklin Sands, considers the immediate and the long-range effect of the ruling powers in Great Britain before 1776 doing a business in a kind of white-slavery of felons and political prisoners, whom they sold to colonists in America, as well as the effect here of the Stuart-Hanoverian conflict.

a good deal of time spent in the old saloon. There was a sliding window in the back room which led to a restaurant, so that one could wine and dine there after a fashion.

O'Neill used to sit there, glum and dour, and one night the talk turned on Francis Thompson. O'Neill knew almost all of his great poem, and leaning on the table, he searched his memory for it, and in his rather gritty, monotonous voice, he recited it with emotion. Indeed there was such force in his reading of the lines—it was as though he were reading them on the table before him—that many of them were impressed on my mind, never to be forgotten.

He was about thirty then, I think, and it was with melancholy joy that he remembered first that part of the poem:

"In the rash lustihead of my young powers

I shook the pillaring hours

And pulled my life upon me; grimed with smears,

I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years—

My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.

My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,

Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.

Yea, faileth now even dream

The dreamer, and lute the lutanist;

Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist

I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,

Are yielding; cords of all too weak account

For earth, with heavy griefs so overplussed."

It is good to pass on poems to others. An Irishwoman had given me those of Saint Patrick which are in the "Anthology," and I in turn had passed on Crashaw to a young Spanish radical whose saving grace is that she loves Saint Teresa and Saint John of the Cross; she in turn had presented me with translations of the two great Spanish saints.

When she dropped by this afternoon and laid hands on the "Anthology," she began reading aloud about Don John of Austria, shouting exuberantly (it is a poem which makes you shout) of her love for Chesterton.

"He is truly Spanish," she assured us, paying him the highest compliment in her power.

This collection containing all these poems shall go on my special shelf with the "Little Flowers of Saint Francis," "Confessions of Saint Augustine," "Autobiography and Foundations of Saint Teresa," and the "Jesuit Relations."

Since the feast day of the new American saints, I've been reading and rereading the last-named book, and today in the "Anthology" I found a fitting foreword to those brave letters from the saints.

It is part of a poem of Crashaw on the Holy Name, and should, I think, be dedicated to Isaac Jogues, John Brébeuf and their companions who

". . . gave glorious chase

To persecutions, and against the face

Of death and fiercest dangers durst, with brave

And sober pace, march on to meet a grave!

On their bold breasts above the world they bore Thee,

And to the teeth of hell stood up to teach Thee,

In center of their inmost souls they wore Thee,

Where rack and torment strove in vain to reach Thee."

Aren't these fitting lines for those who died with the Holy Name on their lips?

DOROTHY DAY.

Fonthill Fineries

The Life of William Beckford, by J. W. Oliver. New York: Oxford University Press. \$3.75.

THE IMPORTANCE of Beckford lies in his having been, perhaps, the greatest English dilettante among the English romantics; and the interesting thing about Mr. Oliver's book is that it enables us, almost for the first time, to see Beckford as he really was. With the help of quite a good many people, the author ransacked manuscripts, letters and other sources of evidence, unearthing some material which the student of the period will not find elsewhere. Meanwhile the book has been well composed and sympathetically written. The *apparatus criticus* remains, for the most part, discreetly hidden, so that one can read without too much trouble.

Writing and publishing *Vathek* was the central affair of young Beckford's life, but seems in his own estimation to have been of decidedly secondary importance. Beckford, inheriting fabulous wealth, was the *enfant gâté* of the upper British bourgeoisie. He was badly if brilliantly educated, and the natural faults of his character were brought into distinct relief during a period when scandals were titles of distinction which few of His Majesty's subjects cared to import from abroad. From this point of view Beckford possessed Byronic qualities which the present biographer does not try to render glamorous. Strangely enough, however, marriage changed though it did not utterly regenerate Beckford. He may also have been impressed by the French Revolution, several aspects of which he observed at first hand.

Thereafter life became for him chiefly a matter of landscape gardening and collecting. First at Fonthill Abbey and then at Bath, he carried out those extravagant experiments in the art of being a gentleman upon which a great part of his reputation now rests. From several points of view he suggests both Huysman's *Des Esseintes* and Huysmans himself. His taste in art was curious but impeccable, his temper was irascible but still generous, and his interest in Catholicism is testified to not only by a remarkable letter which Mr. Oliver quotes but by the surmises of his family that he might wish to be attended by a priest on his deathbed. This suggestion Beckford did not accept. The portrait painted by the biography under consideration is, however, decidedly that of a *romantic convert*.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Discreet

Discretions and Indiscretions, by Lady Duff Gordon. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$3.00.

THIS is one of the most delightful biographies which has appeared in a long time. It would be difficult to find a more entertaining, clever and enjoyable book of reminiscences. Lady Duff Gordon, who was a very important personage in the pre-war world, writes of it with a mixture of good-natured humor and slightly sceptical disdain, but not without Christian charity.

In her unique position as a fashionable dressmaker and also a member of the exclusive society to which she catered, she had unusual opportunities to observe the "Comédie Humaine" of London drawing-rooms, Paris boudoirs, and American bedrooms, and could have told about them with malice and ill-nature, but on the contrary she writes with generous understanding of the frailties of human nature. Lady Duff Gordon's book is not only a model of discretion, but also one of good-natured and harmless indiscretions, and as such it is both amusing and interesting.

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I like the entire manner in which she handles what might so easily have collapsed into vulgarity. She gives us an account of London society which in certain respects is inimitable, and she gives it wittily, pleasantly, cleverly and charitably. On the whole, her book is accurate, but perhaps once or twice she allows her personal feelings to influence her judgment. Thus in one particular passage she speaks of the famous English surgeon, Sir Morell Mackenzie, and the late Empress Frederick's "almost incredible ingratitude toward him." This is both untrue and cruel. To begin with, the Emperor Frederick was never crowned, it was not at the personal instigation of his consort, but at that of several German doctors, that Sir Morell had been called to attend him, and, finally, there was no law "that provided no member of the Royal House of Prussia who was suffering from an incurable disease could be crowned." This assertion was only a newspaper sensational invention, and has been contradicted by people in a position to know the facts, such as the great Prince von Bismarck himself. And certainly the unfortunate Empress never showed herself ungrateful toward Sir Morell; this I can definitely assert, as I had the privilege of knowing her intimately. This, however, is but a digression. Lady Gordon's charming book has real merit. Her sketches of certain notables, such as Isadora Duncan, for instance, or Madame Cecile Sorel, or Sarah Bernhardt, or Lily Langtry, are drawn with a master hand, and her description of the wreck of the Titanic touches on real grandeur.

To Americans, of course, the chapters in which Lady Duff Gordon relates her experiences in New York, will be the most interesting. They certainly contain much that is instructive and even new, especially when she tells of her work during the war, and some of her portraits of America's *nouveaux riches* are delightful. I like especially the closing remarks of her reminiscences, as well as her appreciations of post-war smart society everywhere.

CATHERINE RADZIWIŁŁ.

Psychiatric Dissection

Behind the Door of Delusion, by "Inmate—Ward 8." New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

AT A TIME when mental disease is still regarded by the lay person as a social blemish, this story of human distress is very pertinent and renders a great service in breaking down the barriers of fear and ignorance. The subject is not a new one. Many writers have dealt with it before. In this instance the setting is a State Hospital for the Insane and the author one of the patients in Ward 8. Through his very eyes and in the light of his own experience he presents a fervent description and penetrating analysis of the personalities about him in the tragic process of disintegration.

The author, a newspaper man, has had himself committed to this institution to insure protection against the dangers of a periodic craving for liquor. This dipsomania is not a disease per se, but a symptom of a deep-rooted conflict which finds its outlet and escape from reality in this irresistible impulse to drink. In the course of events Ward 8 becomes a haven of refuge.

In due time, the patient's insight, judgment and perspective are sufficiently restored to permit him to look about and take stock of himself and those around him. He unfolds a story of painful human experience that must challenge the interest and earnest consideration of every intelligent reader. He not only opens the door but tears down the very walls of this state institution to disclose an unforgettable picture. Having myself

lived and served as a physician in this very environment, I can testify to the stark realism of the description, which is unadorned, conscientious and accurate.

The limitations of the state institution compel the author to plead: "Will someone please page our great philanthropists who are giving millions toward founding libraries named for themselves, building fraternity houses at their alma mater, or donating community halls to the town of their birth, and ask them if the saving of Joan and thousands like her could not be considered as compatible with genuine humanitarian instincts and worth the thought and cash of those who really desire to serve mankind." It will please "Inmate 8" to know that while he was penning this plea, a new Psychiatric Clinic was being erected as one unit of the New York Hospital Cornell Medical College Association, with a personnel and equipment that must meet the exacting demands even of his wildest dreams. Its structure and function have been molded by "genuine humanitarian instincts" and by the most advanced psychiatric education. It is a far cry from the dark ages and represents the liberation from the mental strait-jacket of superstition and ignorance, both medical and lay.

In "Behind the Door of Delusion" the author has laid his soul bare for psychiatric dissection, and I hope it shall not have been in vain.

LOUIS HAUSMAN.

Liturgical

The Roman Pontifical: A History and Commentary, by Dom Pierre De Puniel, O.S.B.; with an Introduction by Dom Justin McCann, O.S.B. London: Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.50.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS of the priests of the Order of St. Benedict to the Church's liturgical library are as numerous as they are noteworthy. Since the great revival in liturgical studies through the writings of Dom Guéranger, Benedictine abbeys of many lands have given the best of their talents and store of material to spread the knowledge and love of Divine Service. Some of these writings are devotional and pietistic, others are expository and inspirational, still others are scholarly, historical. The present volume translated into English by Mildred V. Harcourt for the Stanbrook Benedictines in England, falls under this latter heading.

The "Pontifical" is "The Bishop's Book," and as such contains the ceremonies performed by a bishop of the Roman Rite. These ceremonies are mainly the sacrament of Confirmation and the various ordinations ending with that of the priest. We have here a collection of both, the exact formularies used by the bishop when bestowing the sacrament or the order, as well as a historical and factual commentary of these ceremonies. Preceding the treatment of the ceremonies themselves is a short historical introduction showing the successive development of the Roman Pontifical.

By its nature and treatment the book will be of great service to students of theology and historians generally. The wealth of bibliography makes the book especially valuable for the latter. But the layman also may find in it a source of information about the Church's early development, although the liturgical enthusiast is liable to voice his disappointment and regret that neither the devotional nor the aesthetic potentialities of the "Pontifical" have been touched upon. The student, moreover, may feel the absence of an index which he expects today in every scholarly work.

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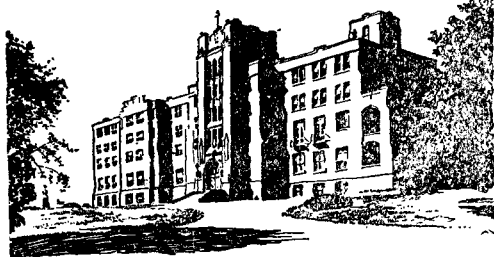
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Briefer Mention

Three Friends: Memoirs of Digby Dolben, Richard Watson Dixon and Henry Bradley, by Robert Bridges. New York: Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

IT WAS an excellent idea which inspired the separate publication of Mr. Bridges's three charming and useful memoirs. Little else has been written which affords so much insight into the Oxford of the sixties and seventies, where the literary generation destined to follow Tennyson, Browning, Arnold and Newman was buckling intellectual armor on. Bridges was never better than when he was serving the cult of friendship, and his skill as a biographical writer is pleasantly reminiscent of Fuller and Walton. While the memoir on Dolben has sometimes been resented by Catholics, who objected to the lack of ready sympathy with that promising young poet's religious views, it will seem far less objectionable today when some of the spiritual extravagances of that time have lost their novelty. The most valuable part of the book is, however, the Dixon memoir, which no student or lover of English poetry can ignore. The Canon himself was a remarkable man, and of course the place occupied in his life by Father Hopkins is another source of abiding interest. All this is, perhaps, a little off the beaten track, but is eminently worth seeking out none the less.

Paul Bunyan, a Folk-Comedy in Three Acts, by Richard L. Stokes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

FOR NEARLY a century Northwoodsmen have told of the Olympian feats of Paul Bunyan, their lumberjack hero; and their tales have grown into a legend which reveals the spirit of the American pioneer. In Mr. Stokes's dramatization of this folk-epic Paul Bunyan surrenders his greatness and power for love. Losing his original giant stature, he descends into the realm of "little men," where he becomes involved in the problems of matrimony, theology and "big business." In the vigor, independence and enterprise of the hero of this comedy, and in his optimism, humor and moral attitudes we can recognize the beginnings of much that is peculiarly American in our national character. In this play, as well as in the opera, "Merry Mount," for which he wrote the libretto, Mr. Stokes displays many talents. He shows a scholar's knowledge of dramatic form and of dialect, a musician's ear for the rhythms of folk song and speech, and a poet's insight and creative imagination.

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